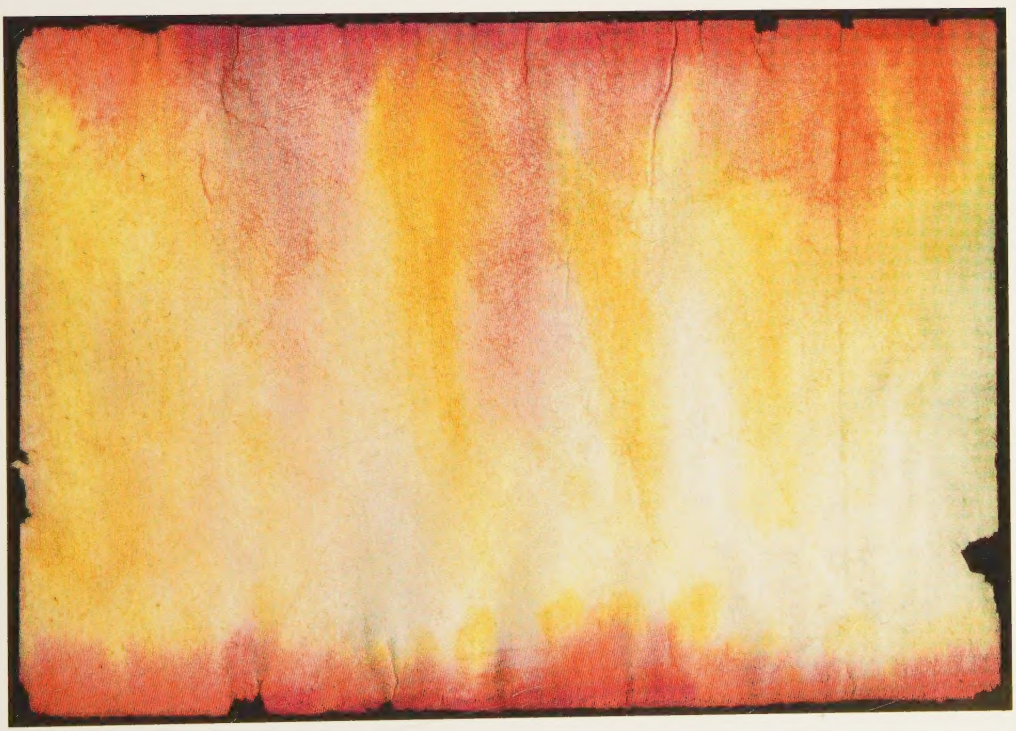
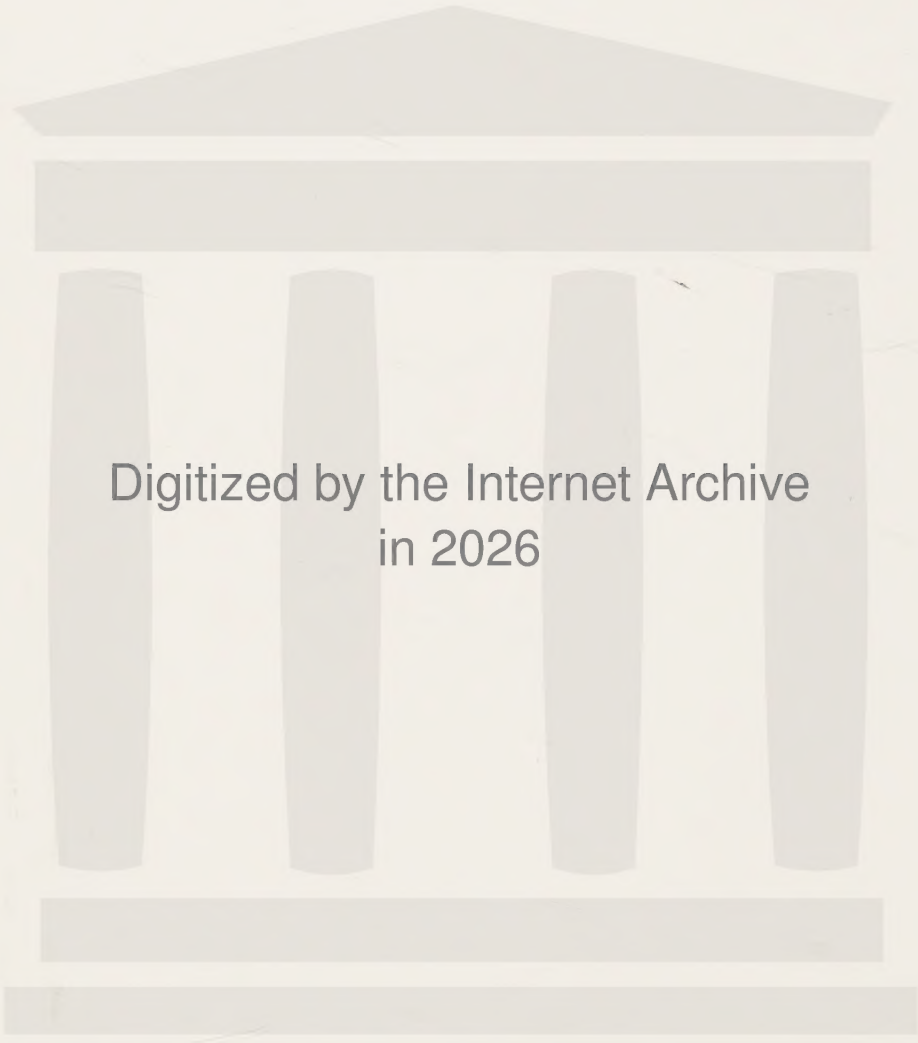
Three on A Tour



Helen K Ingram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Three on A Tour

Helen K Ingram

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THREE ON A TOUR.

COMPLIMENTS OF
THE DETROIT & CLEVELAND STEAM NAVIGATION CO.
DETROIT, MICH.

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PREFACE

THE public who will be kind enough to give this publication the courtesy of an examination will find it very interesting reading, as the authoress has interwoven a love story with description and all the information a tourist desires if interested in a lake trip.

This book was written by Helen K Ingram, under the special supervision of the Passenger Department of this Company, and we are pleased to say we can vouch for its truthfulness We guarantee every description and letter given in this story to be founded on genuine facts It does not contain half that could be written about our routes, new steamers, and the famous Mackinac Island Its purpose is to call your attention to our Coast Route to Michigan Summer Resorts, and to aid you in selecting a place to spend your outing

"For a restorative to weary brain, bracing to weary muscles, exhilaration for the blues, a smoothing out of tangled nerves, take a water trip."

The Viaduct

CLEVELAND HARBOR, FROM THE BREAKWATER.

THREE ON A TOUR

BY HELEN K. INGRAM.

I.

"It's quite the thing to travel nowadays
and see if distant ground in general looks
as mentioned in papers and books."
—CARLETON.

THE midsummer's sun was setting over the beautiful city of Cleveland. I glanced at my watch, and drew down the rolling top of my office desk.

As I turned the key I locked all thoughts of business within, and my freed mind sprang instantly to the old subject.

The image of the sweetest girl in the world rose before me, and I wondered how many more long years of waiting there must be before, instead of cheerlessly wending my way to the lonely bachelor quarters which were now my abiding place, I should turn from my office to my own home, where she would be waiting my coming.

With a sigh I donned my hat and coat and as I opened the door, came face to face with a small messenger boy. He held a dainty note in his hand, on which, at a glance, I recognized the delicate tracings of my darling's hand. It bore my own name, and I hastily tore it open and devoured its contents. It simply bade me come to her as soon as I had the leisure. It was a pleasant summons, which I gladly obeyed. Within an hour I was sitting by her side, gazing into her dear eyes, while I listened.

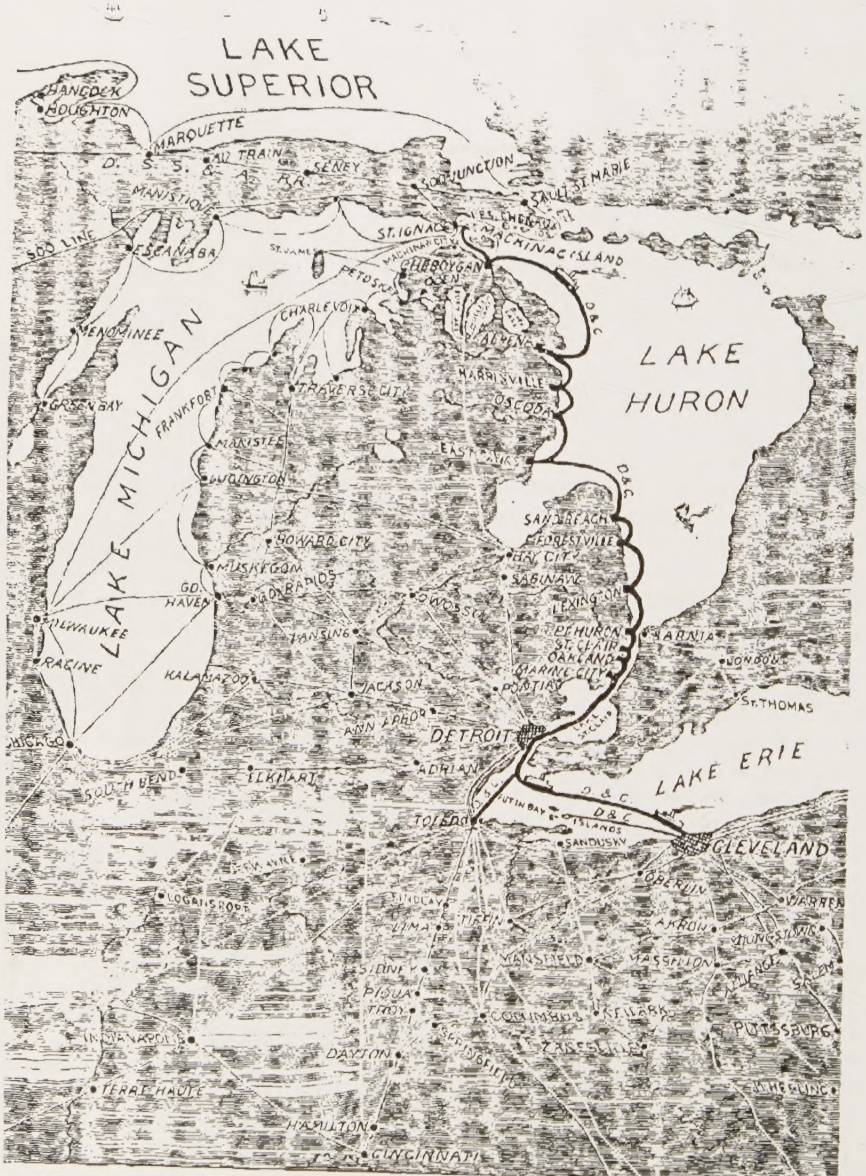
I had been waiting patiently for two long years for her to decide between love and duty.

She had a young sister, frail, delicate, an almost hopeless invalid, with a beautiful face, full of the story of suffering, and of its patient overcoming.

Both were motherless.

I had never been able to persuade my dear one to come to me, because she would not leave this sister. Of course, I had often attempted to set this objection aside, and declared that our home should be the home of the lovely sufferer, that I would proudly and gladly claim the place of brother, protector and assistant nurse. But all my arguments had been vain. My little girl's head was nothing if not level, and she declared that she would not see me burdened with two.

Again and again she had offered to release me. Again and again I had refused to be released.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF POINTS REACHED BY THE DETROIT & CLEVELAND STEAM NAVIGATION CO.

Thus matters had stood for the past two years, and now she had news to tell me

"O, Will," was her greeting, "you know the new doctor, that Mrs Cushing sent to us? Well, he says, there is actually a chance for Florence yet He says she may fully recover But," she added ruefully, "he says she must have a change and that immediately."

"Where does he think she should go?" I asked

"Well, we discussed mountain and sea-shore, and I did not know which way to turn, but he seems to consider Mackinac better than either He says she is more certain to be benefitted there than at anywhere else she can possibly go"

"Certainly," I replied, "it is a good idea, and to Mackinac she must go."

"But, Will," she said, "you don't understand We two are all alone We have no one to go with us That is why I sent for you Do you not know, or can you not find some nice, agreeable, respectable person who would go with us as a chaperone?"

"I think I do know such a one," I answered, with an inward chuckle

"I should want one strong enough to help in caring for Florence," she continued, thoughtfully "She might, sometimes you know, need to be assisted, almost lifted, in fact, in getting around the steamer."

With a glee I could scarcely repress, I answered

"Yes, I know just the person, one who is nice, agreeable, respectable, and fully able to lift Florence bodily if need be"

"I am so glad," she said, eagerly; "now where can I find this paragon, and for what can I procure these services?"

I rose and stood full height before her

"Behold him here," I said, striking my breast dramatically, "and you can have him for the taking"

"O you bad, bad Will," she said, "why can't you be serious, and help me find some great strong Irish woman, if nothing better can be procured"

"Indade ye may have that too, if you like," I answered, "but I am serious enough when I say you must take this 'broth of boy' besides."

"But, Will, that would violate the proprieties worse than going without a chaperone. You don't sympathize with me," she continued, almost tearfully, "and I am in such an extremity."

"Woman's extremity is man's opportunity," I replied, reseating myself beside her, "and I know a way of reconciling my going with the proprieties. Become my wife, and we will make it a bridal tour with a party of three Am I not nice? agreeable? respectable? strong enough to lift Florence? which are all the qualities that you desire, while your own sweet self is all that I ask, now or ever Where can there be an objection?"

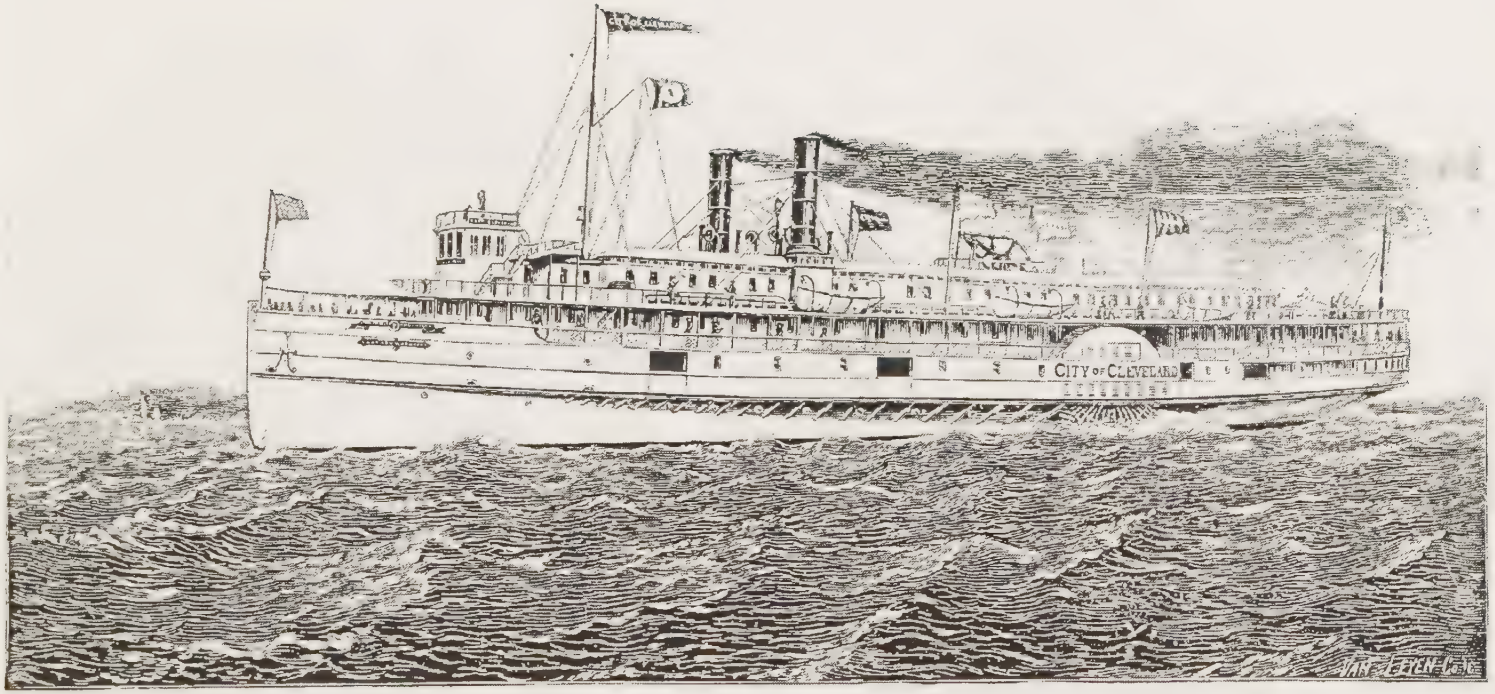
"But, Will, this is so sudden, it is now June and Florence should go without delay, and think of it, no preparations yet made, no trousseau, no anything Oh, no, I think we must have the Irish woman"

"Bother the trousseau!" I exclaimed for I was getting impatient "I have never seen you when you did not look sweet enough for a bride any day You do not need any fixings or preparations"

The love light came to her eyes she grew mischievous and sang merrily

"Just as I am, without one plea,
If I will but belong to thee?"

I caught her in my arms, for I knew that I had won The two years' siege was ended, and, as she said, the chaperone was provided



STEEL STEAMER CITY OF CLEVELAND.

A NIGHT EFFECT—CLEVELAND HARBOR.

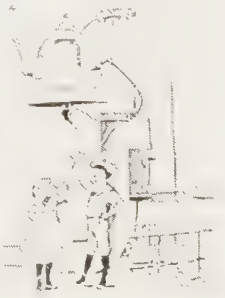
II.

WHEN my first rhapsodies had somewhat subsided I became practical, and said to my companion:

"Now, we must decide on a route. How shall we go? by rail or by water?"

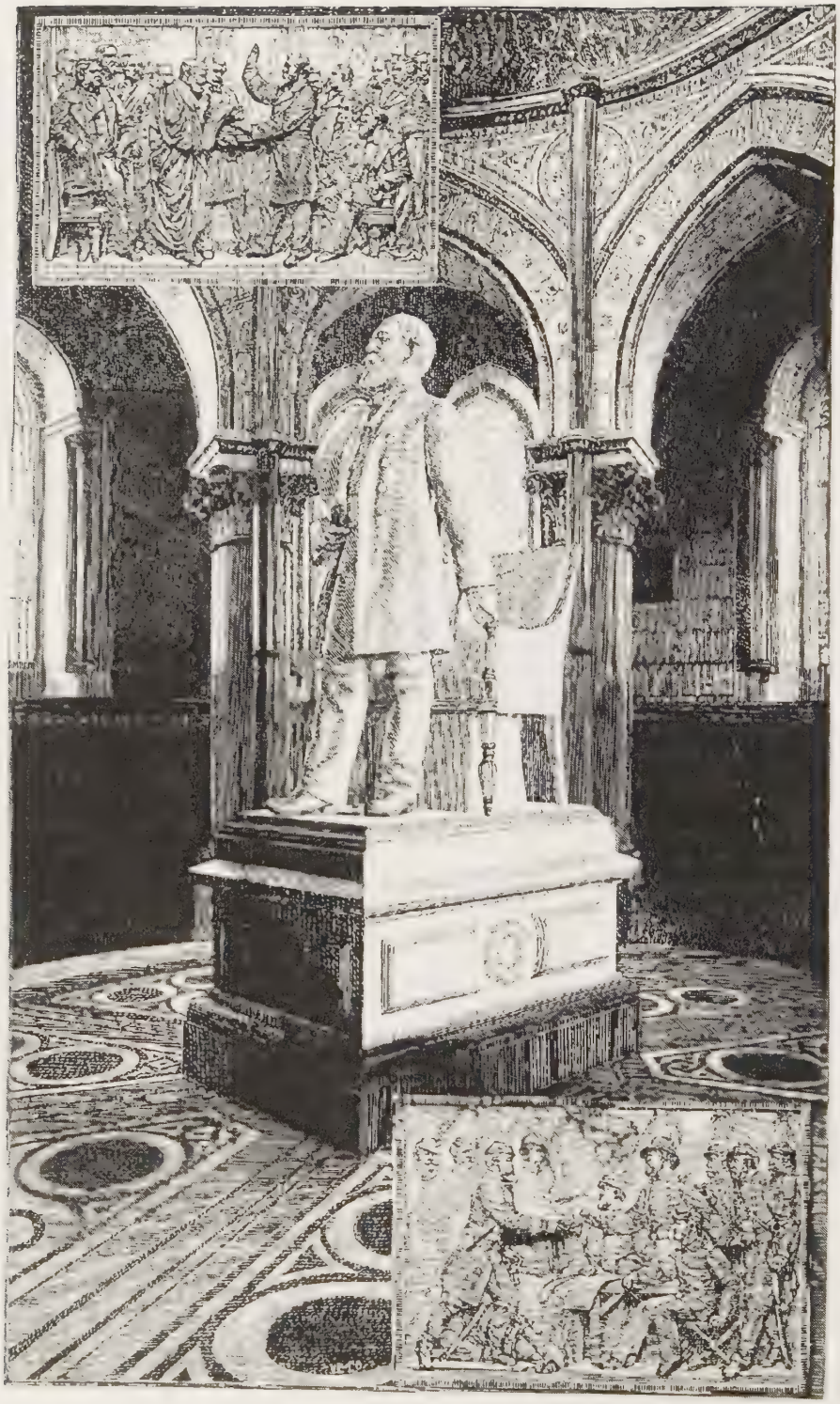
"Oh," replied she, "Florence and I have settled that. We have considered the many changes of cars, which for an invalid would be almost impossible, the stuffy sleepers, the dirt, dust and noise, the necessity of getting out of the cars for meals, and bolting them in a few minutes; each and every one a tax on the endurance of a well person, and not to be thought of for Florence. We find after much study that there is none to be compared to the lake route. I will not go any other way. The trip is said to be almost equal to Mackinac itself."

"Well," I answered, with an assumed meekness, "I have not a word to say to the contrary, I am now yours to command. Jesting aside, however, it is exactly what I was going to propose. I admire your judgment since it agrees with my own."

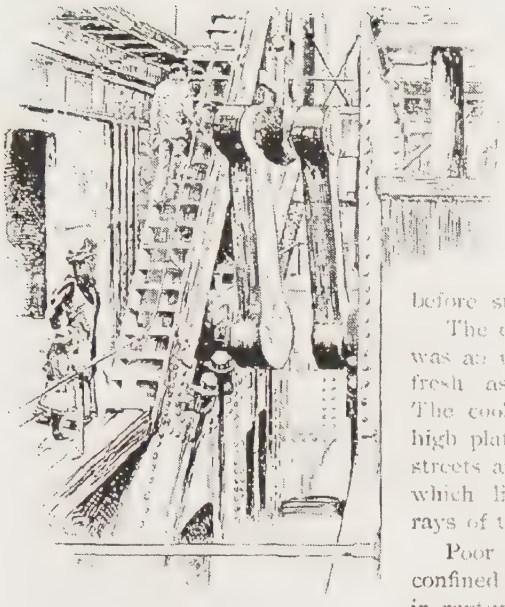


Thus it was settled that we were to go via the lake route of the Detroit and Cleveland Steam Navigation Co., known as the coast line because they touch at all important points between Cleveland and Mackinac, also have the reputation for polite attention, good cuisine, etc. A sturdy old company running steel side-wheel passenger steamers on the lakes. I knew them to be floating palaces almost roseless and absolutely without jar.

I promised to attend to all the preliminaries, and my sweet charges were to make their hasty preparations, and be off as soon as possible.



GARFIELD MEMORIAL TOMB, INTERIOR



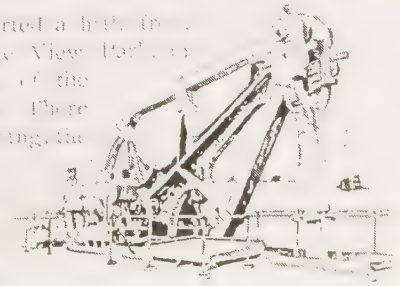
Two [illegible] Pacific [illegible] before sun-down to avoid the evening de[illegible]

The drive through the city to [illegible] was an unalloyed delight. Ev[illegible] fresh as a country village [illegible] The cool breeze from Lake [illegible] high plateau on which the pr[illegible] streets are located, and the grove[illegible] which line the roadways tempered [illegible] rays of the summer sun.

Poor little Florence, who had so long [illegible] confined to short rambles near her home, [illegible] in raptures when we entered Euclid Avenue, that princely thoroughfare, which we denizens of the Forest city consider finer than any other in the world. Stretching its smooth granite pavements in two directions as far as eye could reach, and almost overwhelmed with magnificent shade trees, it was a mammoth panorama of palatial residences, some gleaming through the dense foliage of a private grove a whole block in extent, others of more modest lots but giving tokens of equal elegance within. One end of this avenue penetrates the heart of the city, while the other receives our pride, the beautiful Wade and Gordon Parks and Lake View Cemetery. The latter is noted as the resting place of Garfield, whose magnificent tomb is visited by every stranger who comes to Cleveland. The high and broken nature of the park and cemetery grounds have afforded opportunities for beautiful landscape work, which have not been neglected by the city engineers.

As we reached the business streets we saw the unmistakable evidences not alone of a large city, but of one of the most active commercial centers on the American continent. Although I had traversed these same streets [illegible] since boyhood, I had never noticed this so forcibly as on this rainy August day when, with my bride at my side and care thrown [illegible] seemed made over afresh. My heart swelled with pride at the thought that I was a citizen of this noble city of 300,000 souls.

As we were nautically inclined, we diverted a little from our straight route for a spin through Lake View Park, in order that Florence might get a glimpse of the motley collection of craft within the harbor. There was the graceful yacht, the puffing, screeching tug, the great four-masters, and the vast iron freighters propellers, all mixed up together with hardly room to turn. How they continue to do a growing business in a harbor which has long been inadequate is a mystery to



GARFIELD MEMORIAL TOMB, LAKEVIEW CEMETERY.

IN PERRY'S CAVE.

the uninitiated. Just before we reached our destination we passed the Superior Street Viaduct, a stupendous structure of iron and masonry which spans the valley of the Cuyahoga, and connects the east and west sides of the city. Looking up the river through the misty atmosphere of the waterside foundries and rolling mills, and among the forest of tapering spars, we could vaguely discern the Jennings Avenue and Newel Place viaducts, two more monster feats of civil engineering.

As we dashed down the precipitous hill to the Dock C wharves, both the girls exclaimed in delight at the magnificent steamer that awaited us. It was the City of Detroit and she was certainly a beauty. We crossed the gang plank immediately and procuring pleasant seats on the promenade deck prepared to watch the hustling scene about us.

Our own steamer was rapidly filling up with express freight, and there was a constant arrival of more passengers; while round about us the screaming of whistles, clanging of locomotive bells, roaring of the great coal and ore chutes and hoarse cries of the army of stevedores made a perfect babel of sounds which were all the more confusing in the half light of the expiring day.

"Well," said my bride, "I shall soon be like Florence, and shall ask you to introduction to our own city. I had no idea of the great amount of commerce that implies."

"Yes," remarked a young man, standing near, "yes, Cleveland's position as a great railroad centre draws to her wharves a large proportion of the lake commerce."

The young man spoke with much confidence, as if challenging contradiction. The Saxon was stamped all over him. He had blue eyes, and hair and mustache of that sandy hue, which lacked but one more dip to make it red. He had a know-all air, and indicated a disposition to be sociable.

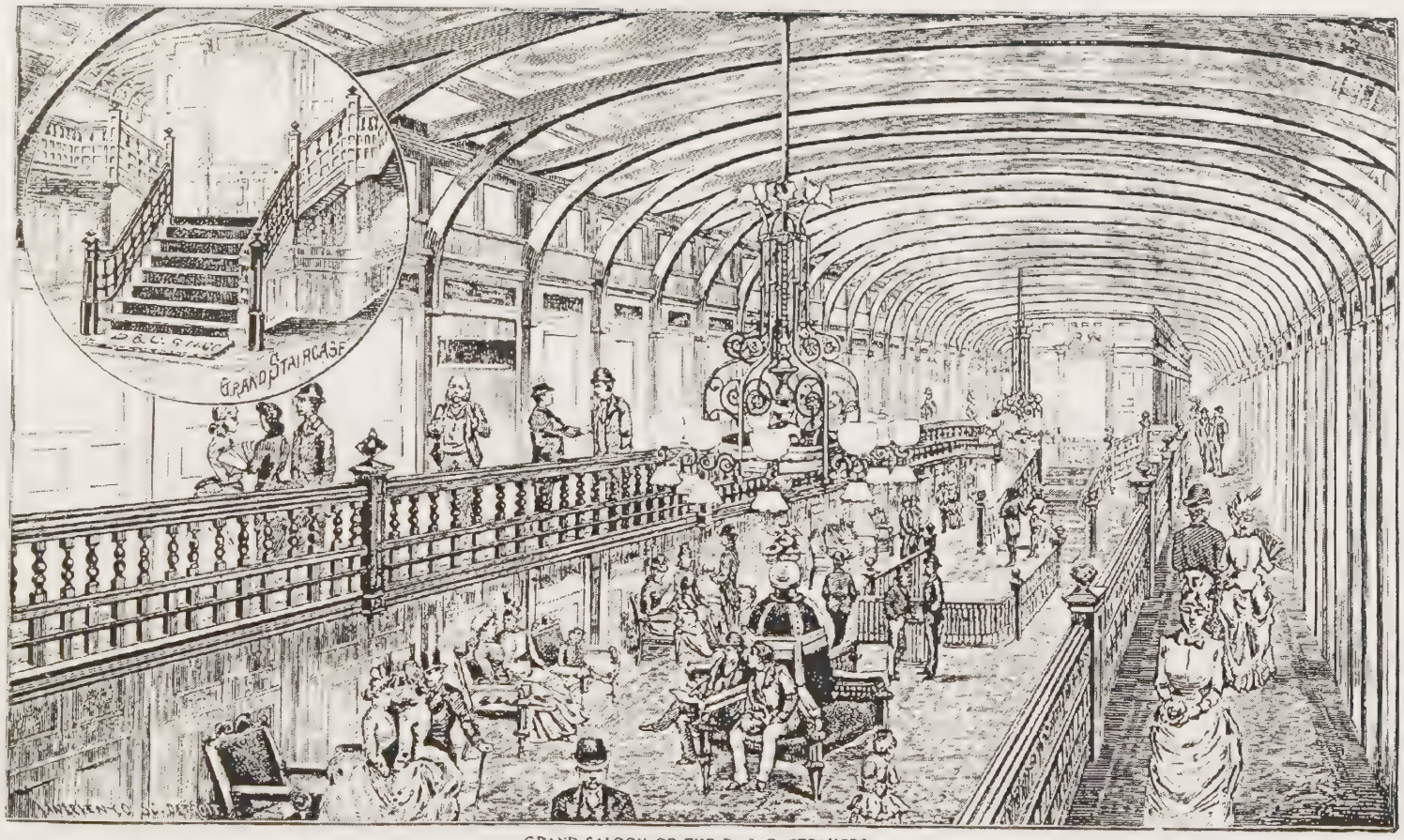
VIEWS OF GIBRALTAR, PUT-IN-BAY 17

In passing through the steamer to our present lookout, we had been much impressed with her size and magnificence, and as the darkness now shut off the view of our surroundings, my wife expressed a wish to go over the boat and examine it more in detail.

The forward part of the main saloon is fitted with [illegible] services, it was [illegible] Florence is a [illegible] while we [illegible] of inspection.

As we walked [illegible] the deck, the young man [illegible] and [illegible]

"This company has five of these large steamers, all new and



GRAND SALOON OF THE D. & C. STEAMERS.

first-class in every respect, regularly up to date, as it were. This is one of the largest and finest; she is 300 feet long, and 72 feet wide, and her steel hull is divided into water tight compartments by bulkheads. She is [illegible] sinkable."

"I wonder how much she cost," I said. "[illegible]"

"$350,000, sir! She is built regardless of [illegible]

At this point we entered the grand [illegible] magnificent apartment, done in mahogany [illegible] leather with enameled and gilded arching roof. The myriads of glowing incandescent lights reflected and scintillated their dazzling rays upon this sumptuous scene until it became almost unbearable to eyes which had grown accustomed to the dim light without. No one said a word for a time. We just stood where we were and stared about us.

PUT IN BAY OBSERVATORY.

The immense room seemed to be nearly as long and half as wide as the steamer. It was surely twenty feet in height. We had entered from the side and were standing upon a sort of endless gallery which followed the contour of the saloon around its entire circumference and hung midway between the floor and ceiling. Stateroom doors led from our gallery, and we observed similar rows of rooms directly underneath. Many of the parties we had seen arriving a short time since were now promenading this grand saloon or following the cute little uniformed cabin boys to rooms in various parts of the ship. The grand staircase leading from the main deck was the center of life all the time, while that which connected with our gallery was in constant use. Taken as a whole, it was a most unusual and interesting scene, but the voice of our monitor reminded us that we were taking a lesson and must not waste time, by saying, as he waved his hand enthusiastically toward the lower end of the long vista:

"There are 150 staterooms and parlors, all connecting with this one cabin, part on its main floor and part leading from this gallery. They are fitted with annunciators for calling bell boys, like a hotel, electric lights, wire [illegible] mattresses and comfortable bed clothing, such as you would expect at home. Here are also men and women's bath room and a barber shop. Notwithstanding this immense capacity, every room has good ventilation and light, and an unobstructed outward view. You will also notice later on that a [illegible] is provided for use during the night of those who do not take rooms. This gives them greater privacy and keeps the grand saloon perfectly quiet."

In order to give our loquacious guide a breathing spell, we [illegible] to the main deck, where were located the purser's office, [illegible]. Here the immense traffic of this line was amply illustrated. [illegible] fairly took us off our feet, and we were glad to follow our mentor to a quite corner. It happened to be opposite a stairway which led downward to another brightly lighted saloon, which we were curious to investigate. Upon speaking of the matter to our blonde friend, he replied, "That is the dining saloon, and beyond are the kitchens and pantries. They can accommodate 150 persons at one sitting, but between Cleveland and Detroit there is little call for meals, as passengers are seldom on the steamer during those hours. This is a feature that you will

THE D. & C. DOCK AT PUT-IN-BAY ON EXCURSION DAYS.

find on no other steamers than this company's, for the reason that none are large enough or else they are propellers, which have no space below

"When you have left Detroit for Mackinac, you will be enchanted with the freedom of the cabin from smells of cooking and clatter of dishes, and even here you can easily see the opportunity for artistic arrangement of the cabin furniture, which would not be possible if the dining tables and chairs had to be placed along the center Even in the dining hall, the atmosphere is fresh and pure as the lake breezes, for the latter are constantly circulated through the apartments by the McCreary ventilating apparatus, which has great power, but under such control that the waiters can serve each guest with just the amount of fresh air he desires

"This is but a sample of the many devices, necessarily very costly, because new and novel, by which this company seeks to deserve and perpetuate the prosperous patronage it now has"

Later on, we looked at the engine, which, we were informed, was of 3,000 horsepower, and would drive the steamer at a speed of 20 miles per hour It was a wonderful piece of machinery and looked big enough to do what was claimed for it, or more, if necessary

The freight deck seemed almost impassable on account of express goods, which were piled to the very ceiling "Eight hundred tons," said our shadow, "and she can also carry 2,500 passengers"

On our return to the upper regions, we decided to look through the pilot house and were shown the time wheel, by which, with the aid of a steam steering engine far below, one man does the ordinary work of four in directing the course of the boat

The twilight had deepened into pitchy darkness by the time we returned to Florence She was quite animated as she called our attention towards the upper end of our wharf by the exclamation, "Look there! Isn't that a beautiful boat?

We followed her direction and saw, just making a landing, another splendid steamer of the same general appearance as our own She was brilliantly lighted and appeared to be black with people. Even as we gazed, they commenced to pour from her three gangways, and were presently climbing the hill in long wavering lines

"What boat is that?" I asked, and to my surprise Florence answered promptly, "Another of this company's steamers, the City of the Straits"

Why," exclaimed my wife, "you wise little thing, where did you learn so much?"

"This kind gentleman," she began, turning her head "Why, where is he?" she continued, "he was just beside me a moment ago"

"Why, Florie," said my wife, "have you taken to seeing dreams, and dreaming visions?"

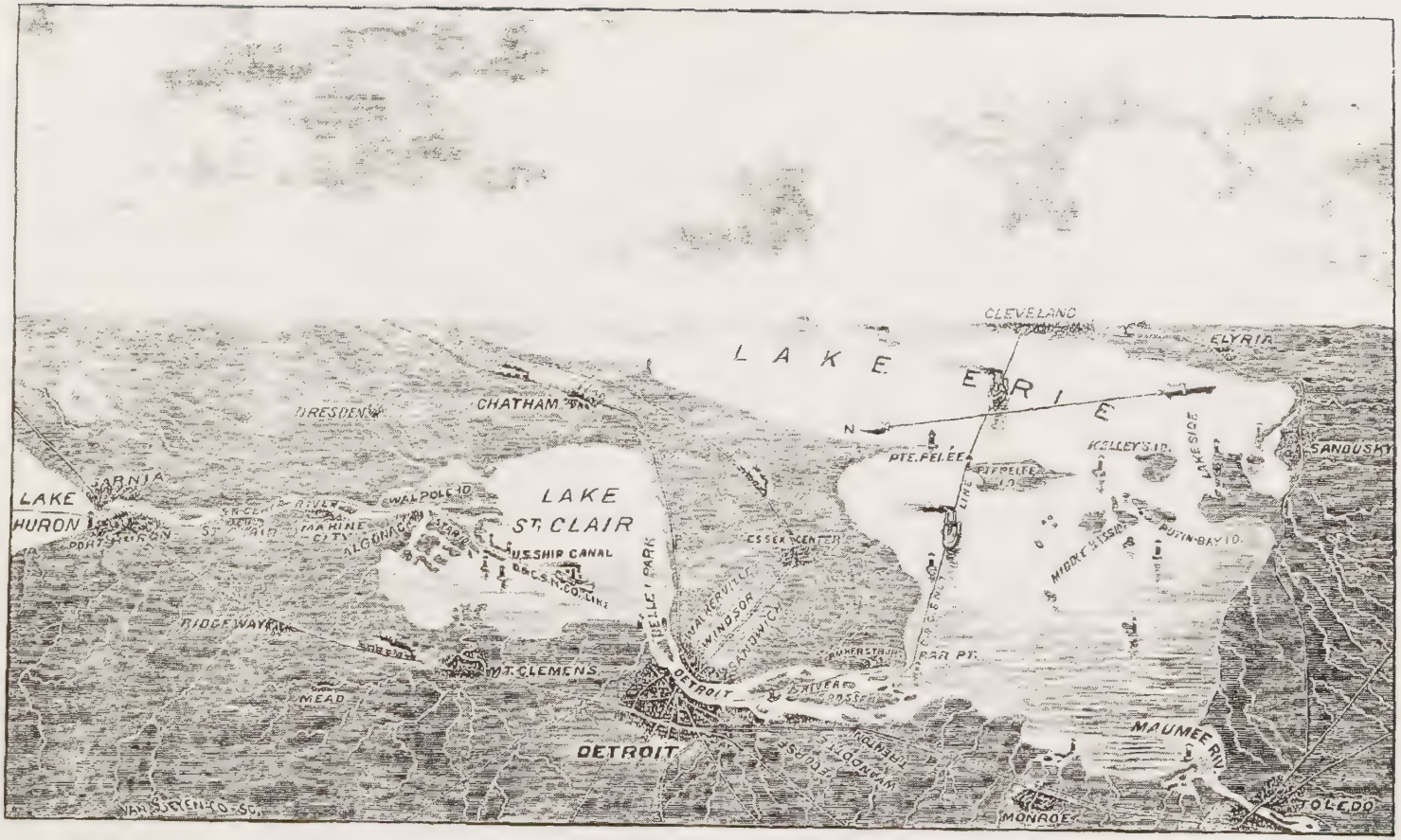
"No, I haven't," said Florence, flushing, and with much spirit for her. "That great boat was coming on so closely to us that I could see and count the people, and a quiet, nice-looking gentleman walked this way to look at her I suppose I looked curious, and he told me all about her, and now he's gone and that's all there is of it, my old sister and my new brother"

"Well, what did he tell you of the boat?" we asked

"He said it is an excursion boat, that runs from Cleveland to the Islands of Lake Erie, leaving Cleveland every morning and returning in the evening She doesn't carry much freight, but accommodates 1,500 passengers The gentleman said she was carrying at least 1,000 this evening"

"How far are these islands from Cleveland?" I asked of our Saxon friend, who stood near

"Sixty-five miles," he said, "and that boat makes it in about four hours"



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF LAKE ERIE.

"What is there at the islands to tempt such large excursions?" I asked

"I know," quickly cried Florence "The gentleman told me that the Islands are a regular archipelago, and celebrated as the greatest fruit and wine producing territory in the west. The atmosphere is humid, the cold disappears early and the frost comes late The most tender as well as slow maturing fruits have the longest possible season in which to attain their full luxuriousness A fabulous amount of wine and champagne is made every year."

"Yes," interrupted our guide, as Florence paused to take breath, "and it is the most popular of all local resorts, and the favorite of southern people, of whom there is always a large contingent at the various hotels

"Put-in-Bay is the most celebrated of the Islands The town is located on it, and all the steamers touch there first Some do not go to any of the other landings, but transfer their passengers to the little steamers, which run constantly from one to another.

"The City of the Straits stops about four hours at Put-in-Bay, so visitors can run over to Gibraltar, Middle Bass, North Bass, Kelley's, Pelee or Lakeside, and get back before she returns to Cleveland

"Put-in-Bay is celebrated in history as the harbor for Perry's fleet before and after his battle with the British in the war of 1812.

"It was a summer resort when there was no other west of the Allegheny Mountains, and has always retained some of its ancient prestige It suffered somewhat by lack of hotel accommodations, but now that trouble is ended by the completion of the Hotel Victory This is the largest resort hotel in the west; so large, in fact, as to be considered a sort of "show," a something worth going far to see Many make the trip for that single purpose"

"That gentleman said there was a cave," interrupted Florence

"Indeed there is," replied Mr Know-it all, "Perry's Cave, a huge cavern It is the only one of any size in this part of the States, and therefore a great curiosity It is on the line of the electric railway which runs from the steamboat landing to the Hotel Victory, and every visitor stops over to look at it

"The bathing beaches at Put-in-Bay are unexcelled The water is always warm enough, and the beach, which is of fine white sand, shelves very gradually to deep water Every facility has been secured for the accommodation of bathers

"From a tall tower or skeleton frame, built near the landing and towering far above the surrounding trees, a good birdseye view of the whole archipelago is obtained. The climb is too tiring, however, for any but the most vigorous

"Private steam yachts, sail yachts, and row boats crowd the spacious harbor in summer time When they are all there, and the excursion steamers which run daily from Detroit, Toledo, Sandusky and Cleveland, have discharged their passengers, the place looks like a Columbian Exposition in miniature By the way, these various steamers connect reliably at the Bay and many tourists cross the lake by that means, making it part of their through journey and thereby seeing this celebrated region without taking a side trip The daylight route from Cleveland to Detroit, by steamer City of the Straits to Put-in-Bay, and thence by steamer Kirby, is quick, reliable and very popular

"One of the best means of passing the afternoon," concluded our now exhausted information bureau, "is to take a row boat and explore the shores of Put-in-Bay Its rocky formation on the north side is extremely interesting, and at the mouth of its harbor is Gibraltar Island, which, like its namesake, is almost inaccessible. It is simply a huge mass of rock rising far out of the water and having a green crown of trees The summer villa of Jay Cooke, Esq., of Philadelphia, in their midst, looks like a castle on the Rhine"

SOLID COMFORT EN ROUTE.

"This company must do a thriving business," I remarked. "How long does their season last?"

"From May to October."

"What is the fare?"

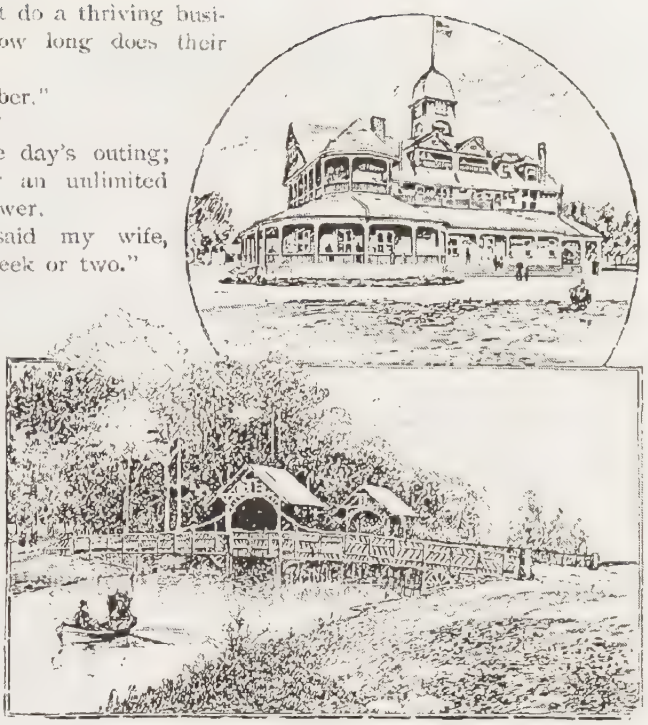
"One dollar for the day's outing; or, one and a half for an unlimited round trip," was the answer.

"Cheap enough," said my wife, "but I should want a week or two."

"Oh, sister," cried Florence, suddenly pulling my darling's sleeve. Then in a whispered voice, "There is that gentleman now."

"What gentleman?" I asked, with all a man's stupidity.

"Why, the gentleman who told me about the excursion boat, of course," said Florence, in a low tone, giving me a little frown.



IN BELLE ISLE PARK, DETROIT.

IV.

Following her glance, I saw walking slowly down the deck, a grave, quiet-looking young man. His whole air was gentlemanly in the highest degree. As he strolled along, he seemed alert without briskness, composed without dullness, his carriage was easy and graceful, with no suggestion of artificial training. It was a simple, manly dignity.

As he approached, I noticed that his face was a handsome one, with a thoughtful expression that made it unusually attractive.

He did not observe us, but continued his walk towards the other end of the boat.

"Do you know that gentleman?" I asked of our unfailing reservoir.

"No," replied he, "I do not. He got on the boat an hour or so ago. I think he must be from the east."

I exchanged glances with my wife. We had, at last, asked a question which this man could not answer.

At this juncture a gentle motion of the vessel indicated that we had swung away from the dock. Where all had been bustle and hurry but a moment before, farewells were now being exchanged, the shouts growing louder as the space grew wider. Handkerchiefs were waved, and hats swung as the sturdy little tug laboriously pulled our vessel through the crowded harbor.

The brilliantly lighted boat sent quivering gleams far over the water, and I watched with an interest that was almost nervous, the nice piloting that carried us safely on our serpentine course into open water.

We were soon briskly speeding straight across the lake, and enjoying to the utmost the delicious health-giving breeze, which the rapid motion created.

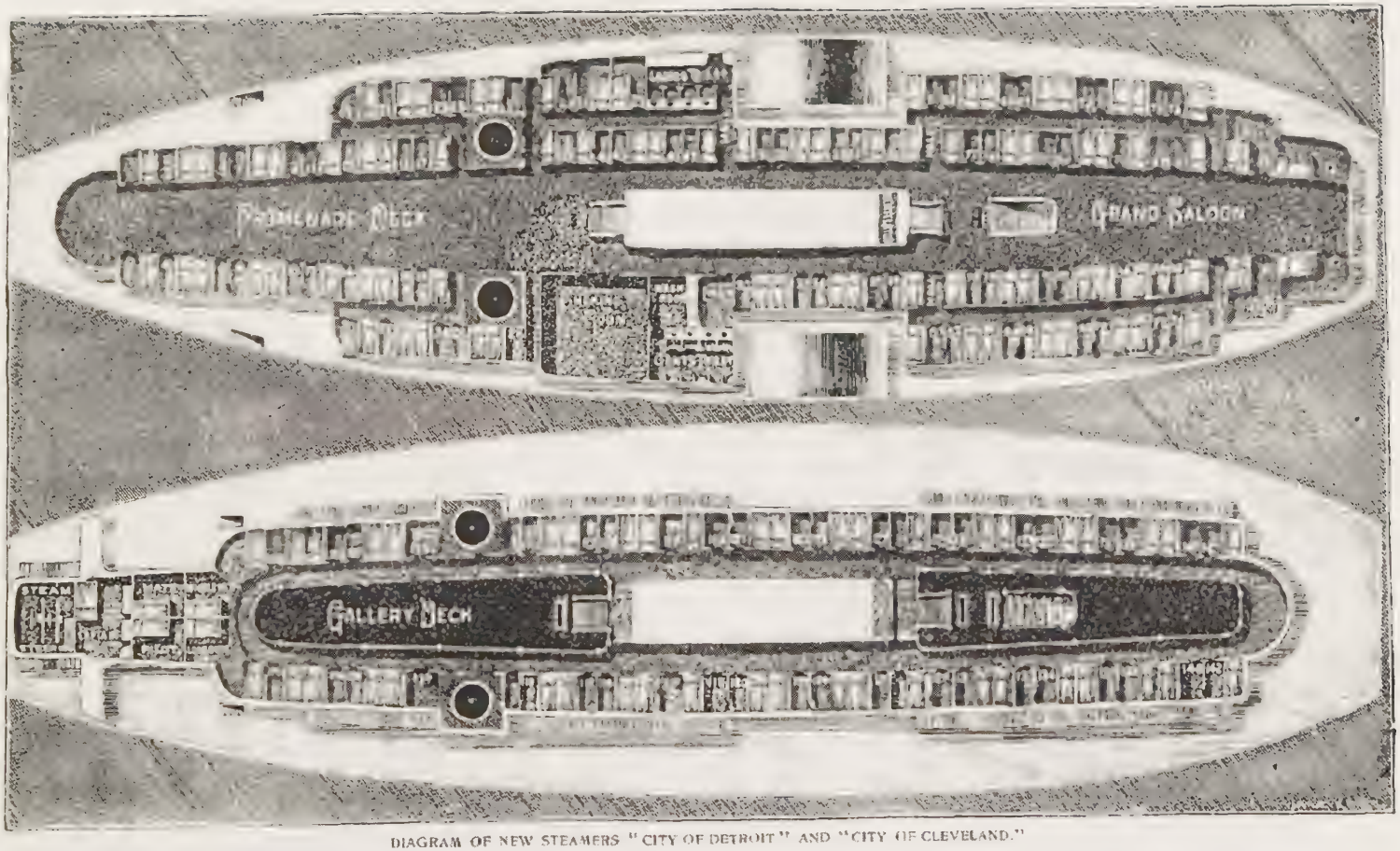


DIAGRAM OF NEW STEAMERS "CITY OF DETROIT" AND "CITY OF CLEVELAND."

PRESENTLY, with my mind still running on the fact that there was *one* question this man could not answer, I turned to him and said, "Mr.———, ah———," I hesitated. He had given me a card, but I had forgotten the name it bore.

GRACE HOSPITAL.
Founded by Frances James M. McLean, President of the D. A. C.

"Harts," he said, brightly, "Jacque O. Harts is my name," and he presented another card.

"Yes, Mr. Harts; I wished to ask you why you suppose that gentleman came from the east?"

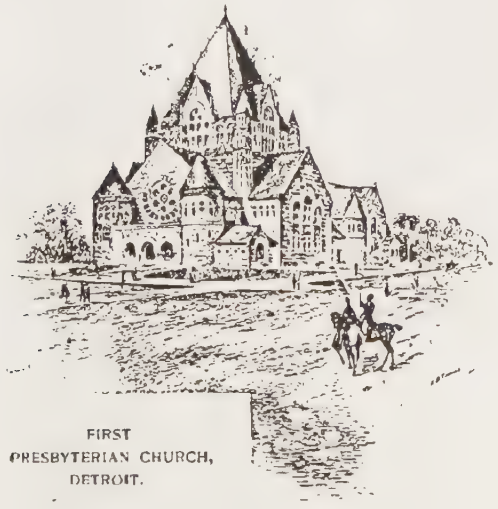
"Yes, indeed," broke in Florence, "what is there that suggested the east?"

"Oh, I did not mean the Orient," replied Mr. Harts. "I mean that he probably arrived from one of the eastern States.

"This company runs nightly steamers, that connect with all trains and enable travelers from the west going east, or those from the east going west, to take a respite from the dusty railroad travel, and enjoy a fresh, cool night's rest on the lake, while still speeding on their journey. It is a most grateful relief and the large passenger list this evening proves its popularity."

"But it must delay a hurried man."

"Oh, no! It is a short trip of 110 miles, and these steamers run it at a speed of 20 miles an hour. The connections are as certain as railroad trains. Passengers," he continued, "going to any of the Lake Superior points, or towns in the interior of Michigan, can leave Cleveland at 10 p. m., and reach Detroit seven hours later, in time for the earliest morning trains, and as most trains from the eastern cities reach Cleveland in the evening just in time to take these boats, the journey is continuous. In the same way people from the west can take a boat from Detroit at 11 p. m. and reach Cleveland before the departure of morning trains for the east."



FIRST
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
DETROIT.

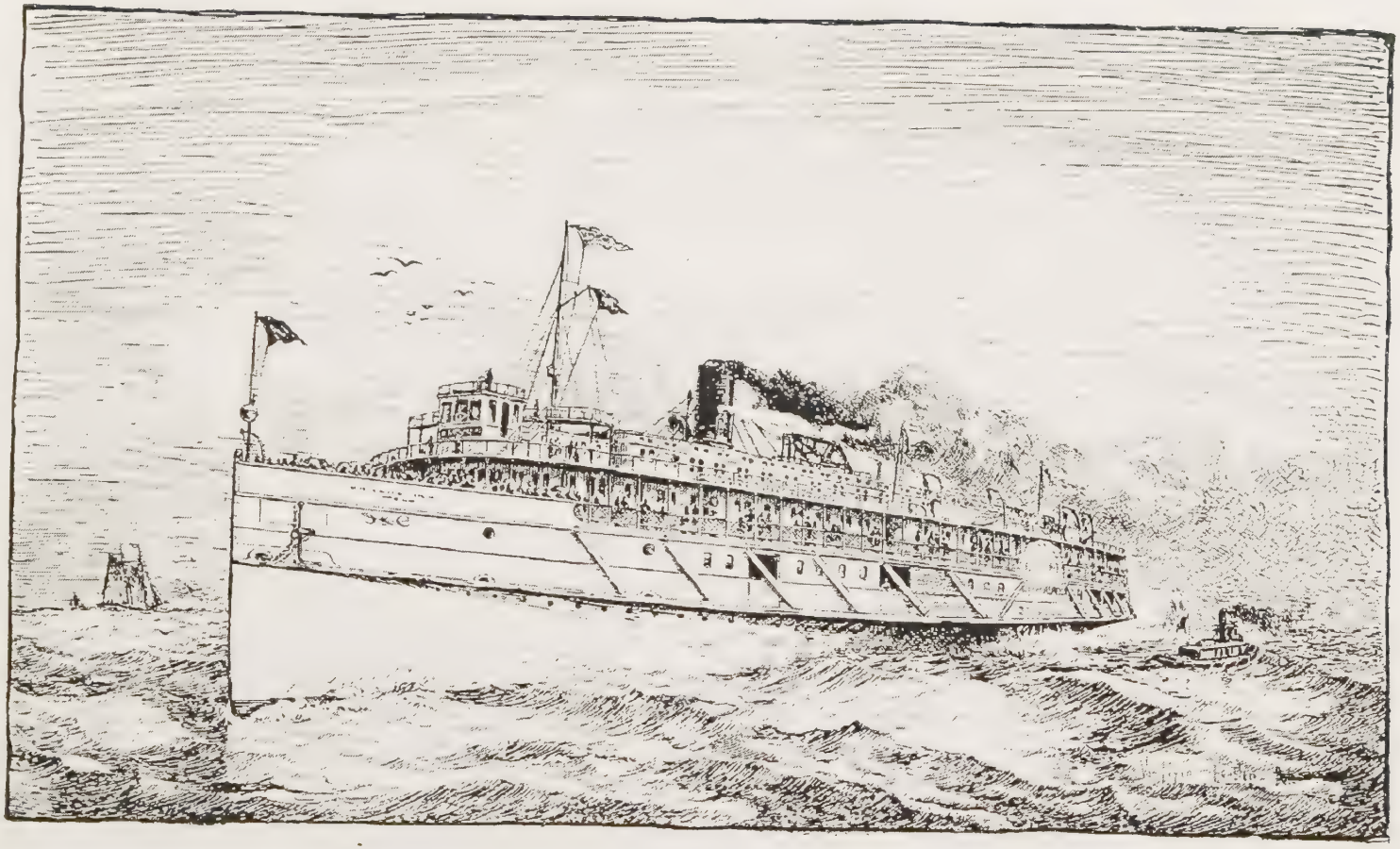
"Well," said my wife, "I had no idea that any such company existed. They seem to own the earth."

"Oh, no," laughed Florence, who was brightening every hour "only the right to navigate the waters of the earth."

Said Mr. Harts—"for the accommodation of the public."

Added Florence—"and for the benefit of its own exchequer."

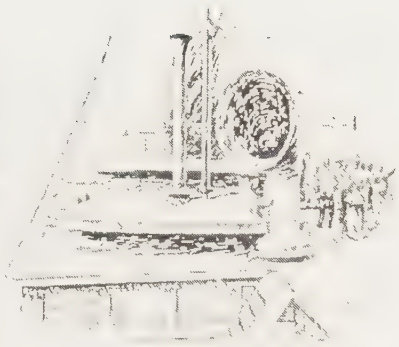
He bowed to her and declared himself vanquished by a woman's "last word."



DETROIT AND CLEVELAND STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S NEW STEAMER "CITY OF ALPENA."

So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide, like happiness, away.

—BYRON'S LARA.



THE twinkling lights of Cleveland harbor were fast fading away and the breeze was growing colder when my sweet bride said, with that mischievous twinkle in her eye, that always made me feel as if I would like to pinch her.

"I think if Florence had a watchful chaperone, or a competent nurse, she would be ordered in out of this cool air, and taken to her state room." Then, with a little sigh, she added, "How nice it would be to have a good, strong Irish woman."

I needed no second hint, but began to gather up books and shawls, and Florence said, she would rather have a big, strong brother any day, than all the Irish women in the world. Nett laughed merrily as she said:

"Wise little Florence! You can use a brother, but what would you do with all the Irish women in the world?

"Indeed, I'll go farther," she added, nestling a little nearer to me, and lowering her voice a bit, "I would rather have your big, strong brother than all the women in the world."

I wanted to drop the shawls, and give her a pinch right then, it was so much for independent Nett to say; but I only bowed deeply to them both, and said,

"It's spacheless I am."

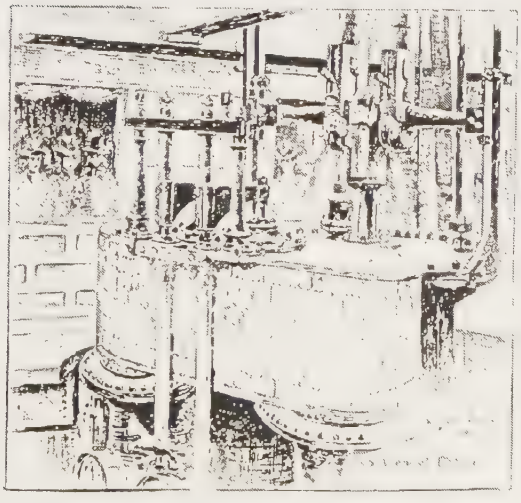
I assisted Florence to rise, and bidding Mr. Harts good night, we escorted our pet to her state room.

Florence made us promise to call her early, that we might enjoy the scenery as we neared Detroit, and after Nett had seen her comfortably housed we returned to the deck for a final promenade.

The memory of that June evening dwells with me yet, and will forever be

"A part of my being beyond my control,
Lived under the stars, but transcribed on my soul."

It seemed so hard to believe that I had really won her, that she was at last fully and truly mine. As her little hand lay on my arm, and clinging as if it had found its natural resting place, I could scarcely realize that this tender, trusting, loving creature, the teasing, mischievous Florence and Nett, who had been such a source of annoyance for the past two years,



It is a pity to record that the happiness of this world is devoid of drawbacks and in our case it was the icy blast of the midnight lake breeze. We tried to ignore it at first and by more rapid motion prolong our delicious promenade. I wrapped a light shawl about Nett's shoulders, at the same time protesting vehemently that I

SCENES ALONG THE DETROIT RIVER.

was as warm as the proverbial slice of toast. Romance had no place in the frigid atmosphere, however, and the discomforts of the situation having overbalanced its joys we were soon compelled to adjourn to the warm cabin. As I closed the door, a glance into the gloom apprised me of the noteworthy fact that the complacent fellow passengers I left outside were warmly wrapped in overcoats, and yet the thermometer was 90 in the shade in Cleveland that same day.

After conducting my wife to our parlor, I retired to the luxurious smoking room for a last cigar, and under its benign influence and the returning warmth prepared myself for a refreshing sleep.

"Behold the world rests, and her tired inhabitants
have paused from trouble and turmoil."

VII

HAVING left orders with the purser to that effect, we were awakened next morning at an early hour. Florence, looking much refreshed, and almost rosy, soon joined us on the deck and we settled ourselves for an hour's sight seeing. We were approaching the entrance to Detroit river, and about to enjoy one of the most beautiful panoramas I have ever seen.

Most of our fellow passengers soon made their appearance, and the deck presented an animated aspect. One group particularly attracted our attention. A handsome, stylish woman with two children, a boy of ten or twelve, and a girl of six or eight. The latter was one of the most attractive children I had ever seen. We all remarked her uncommon loveliness. She was full of life, and with all the restless activity of childhood. Both were elegantly dressed, and evidently the children of wealth. They roamed the deck at will, making acquaintances easily, and examining all the details of the steamer.

One rather pompous looking old gentleman, who had been somewhat rudely jostled by the romping children, finally captured the little girl and held her on his knee, where she was soon chatting merrily.

For twenty miles we sailed over dark, green water, as pure and clear as a mountain lake. We were in a river from one to three miles in width, dotted with islands, some of which contain hundreds of acres. These, like the main land, are high and dry, and their beautiful slopes are covered with thrifty orchards, rich meadows, and beautiful homes. Wealth has marked this charming locality for its own and many stately summer villas crowned the higher hill tops. Under the banks were pretty little steam yachts and naphtha launches that showed the owners' methods of reaching the city.

The channel is from thirty to fifty feet deep, and the water level never varies more than two or three feet.

I was so thoroughly engrossed in the contemplation of the beauties about me that I had quite forgotten my neighbors, but all about me were equally silent and absorbed. As one beautiful point after another was passed, and the spires and tall buildings of a great city hove in sight around the picturesque bend on the mighty stream, I could not but express my satisfaction at having a full day to spend in Detroit.

The old gentleman, whom we had before observed, overheard me, and remarked that he intended going only to Detroit. A little further on stood the young man who had given Florence so much information about the excursion boats.

The old gentleman turned to him and said,

"Do you stop here, sir?"

"Yes, sir," was the quiet response.

"Are you going to remain here for the summer?"

DETROIT HARBOR—SHOWING WATER FRONT AND CHARACTER OF SHIPPING.

FURNACES—CITY OF DETROIT.

The young man looked up with a faint smile and replied,

"That depends upon circumstances. I may find reasons for remaining here, but, if not, I shall go on in the morning."

Mr. Harts said that his business required one day's stop here, after which, he, too, would take the morning boat to his own home, Cheboygan, a point further up Lake Huron.

"Well," said Nett, turning to him, "our acquaintance has had a brief, but happy life, and now we are to separate like —— like," she hesitated, held up the book she had just taken from Florence, and then added brightly, "like ships that pass in the night."

We were running close to the busy wharf, and I said, "Let us shake hands for the time has come to pronounce the *nunc dimittis*."

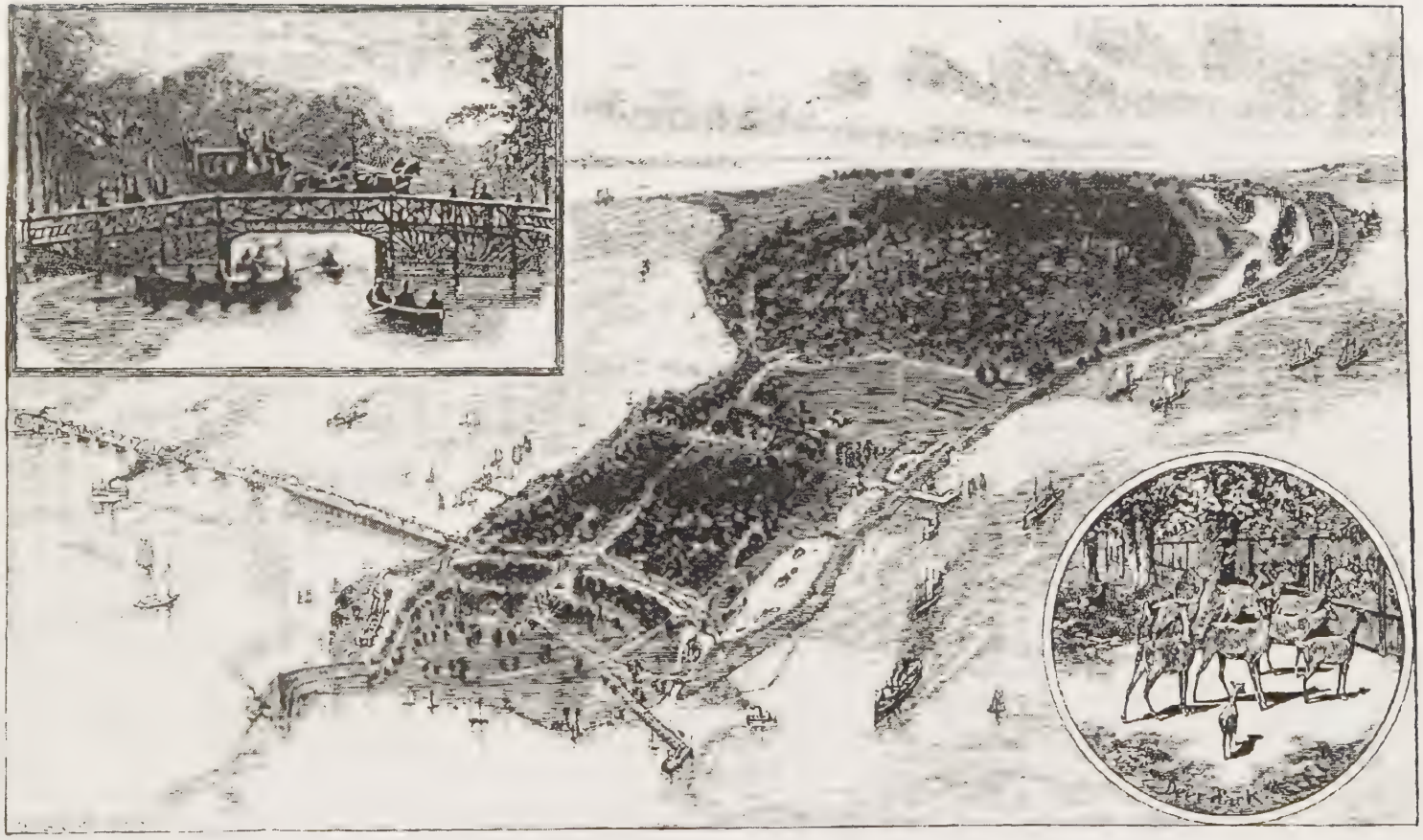
Mr. Harts left us, and as the more distant young man moved onward, I noticed that the elderly gentleman joined him, and they walked through the cabin together.

"Look," said Florence, "except for the difference in their ages, those two look exactly alike."

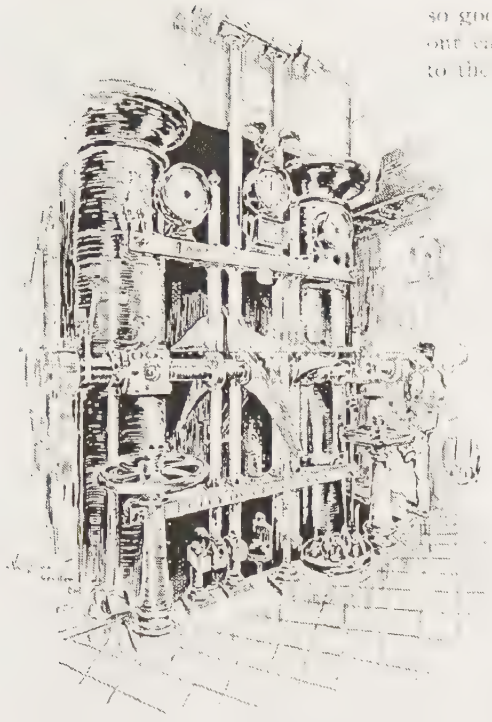
"Yes," said I, "but what is manly firmness in the younger, has grown, with years, to be pig-headed stubbornness in the elder."

After crossing the gang plank, in a little ceremony, to which were added, just then, the beautiful mother, and her two children, we became engulfed in a struggling mass of humanity, express wagons, heavy trucks, and every other kind of vehicle capable of carrying freight.

With my wife on one arm and Florence on the other, I worked my way through the confusion and distracting noise to the carriage stand at the further end of the long wharf, and was about to hand my charges into a cab when Mr. Harts rushed up and proposed a visit to Belle Isle Park, Detroit's famous pleasure ground and one of her chief attractions.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF BELLE ISLE PARK, DETROIT.



VIEW OF ENGINES

We readily agreed to the suggestion of so good a guide, and ordering her to have our carriage ready, we again set out to take us to the principal [illegible]

[illegible] leaving the little gate, where we had entered on the previous day, proceeding towards [illegible] just behind her, and [illegible] nurse with [illegible] crowd.

Upon learning that we were disposed to spend the day, the lady gladly consented to join us, and calling a second carriage, we were all driven rapidly [illegible]

"Where is Belle Isle Park?" asked I, as we rolled along.

"Belle Isle occupies the centre of the river, and is three miles above the city. It is three miles long and one mile wide and contains hundreds of acres, all laid out in groves, lawns, macadamized roads and artificial lakes and canals. Its entire surface is one great playground."

"How is it reached?"

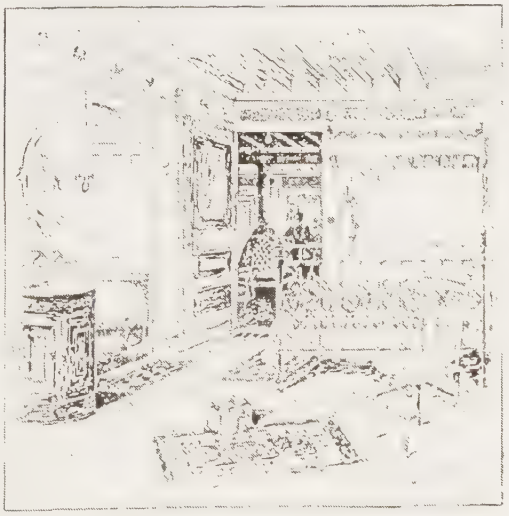
The pleasantest method is by water, from the foot of Woodward avenue, three squares from the D. & C. dock.

The large new excursion steamers of the ferry company leave there every ten minutes and make the trip in a very short time. They also run across the river to the Canadian shore, and to several minor points of interest down stream.

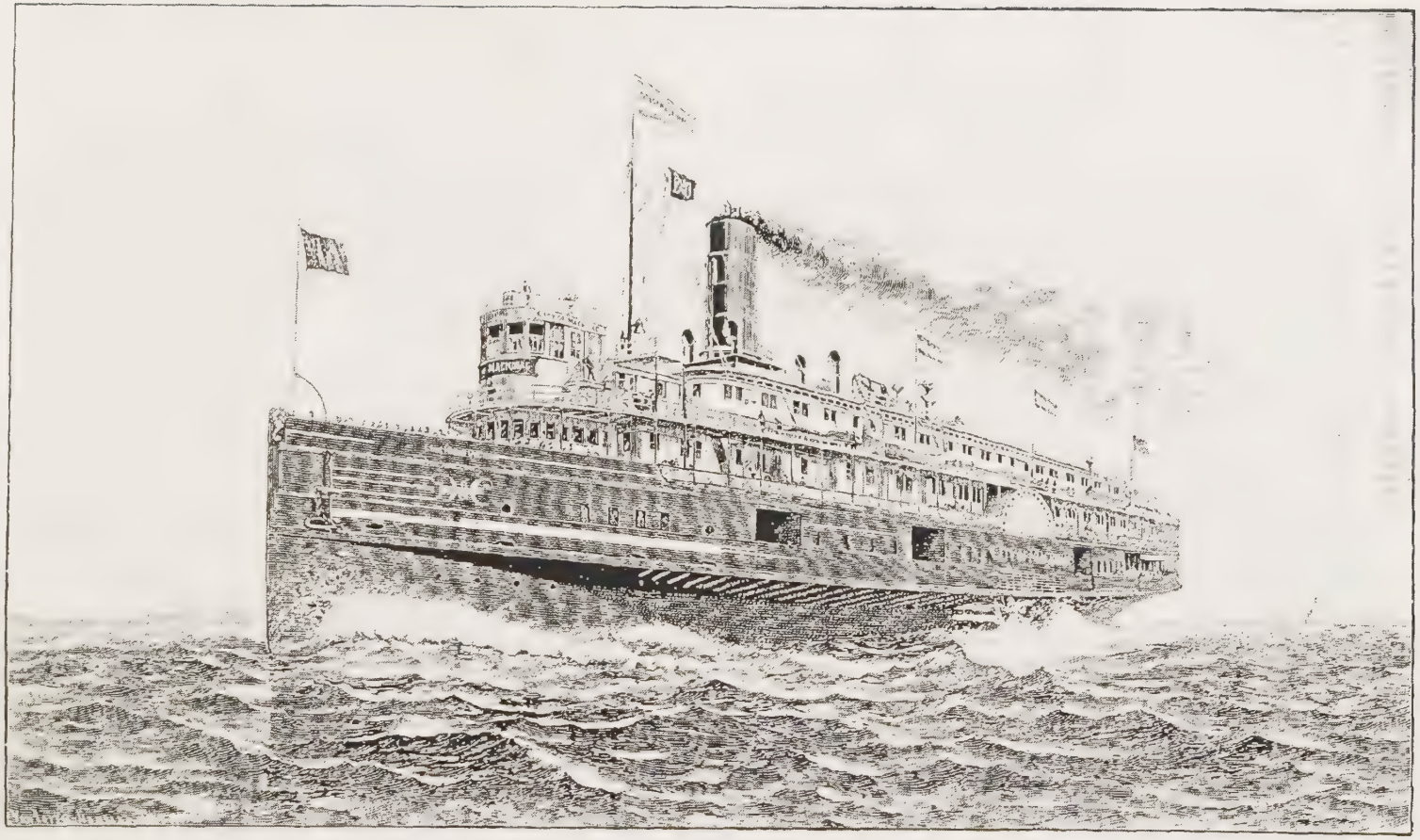
Belle Isle is also reached by street cars, or carriages via Jefferson avenue and the bridge.

"On Florence's account," I said, "we must have a satisfactory conveyance on the Island. It is, therefore, best that we take a carriage direct from the hotel."

Mr. Harts advised us to call up the Detroit Omnibus Line for our carriage when wanted, as they always employ careful drivers, equipments are first-class, and charges reasonable. It is always best to avoid public hackmen as the majority of them are "sharks" and have the reputation of taking advantage of strangers by overcharging.



A PARLOR STATEROOM.



THE DETROIT AND CLEVELAND STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S NEW STEAMER "CITY OF MACKINAC."

VIII.

UPON arriving at our hotel we secured rooms, disposed of our baggage, and were ready in short order, Mr. Harts assisting our new acquaintances, little Bessie and her mother.

Needless to say we found Belle Isle a very beautiful spot. The day was lovely, and although early in the morning the park was already thronged with people and vehicles. There were many elegant equipages filled with residents taking the morning air, or visitors like ourselves.

SENATOR M'MILLAN'S GROSSE POINTE RESIDENCE.

Artificial canals often intersected the drives and picturesque little lakes dotted with boats were seen at frequent intervals.

After driving about for some time, Nett wished to get out of the carriage and walk, the better to inspect some of the artistic designs shown in the foliage beds.

The entire party, therefore, left the carriages in a by-path, and greatly enjoyed strolling about the beautiful grounds.

Little Bessie was in raptures. She flitted from point to point, as Mr. Harts said, "like a butterfly," of which there were many among the flowers. Nett interrupted him, with,

"Why they were ever called 'butter-flies,' I cannot understand. It would have been so much more appropriate to have named them 'flutter-bys.'"

Mr. Harts clapped his hands at this sally.

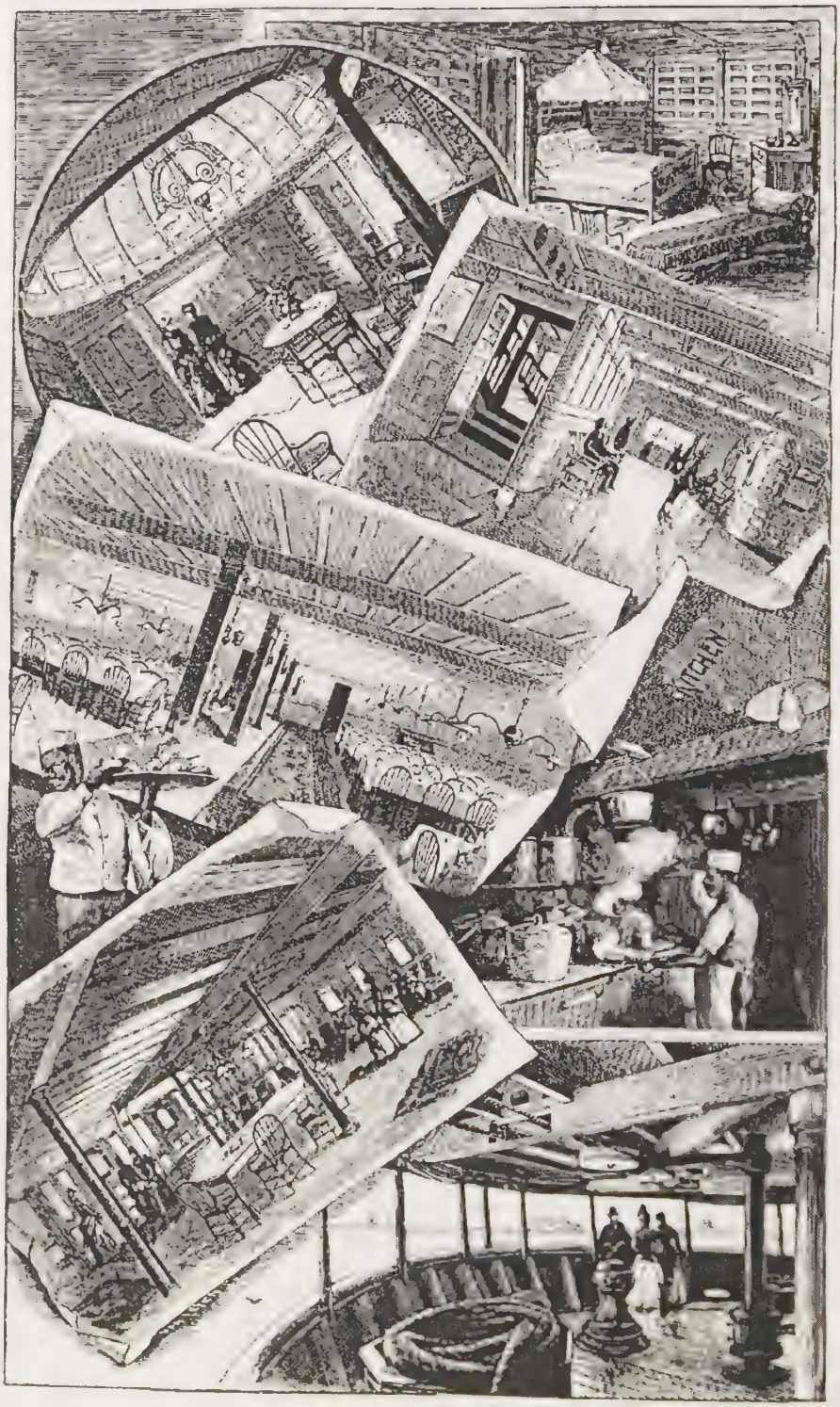
We turned, just then, into one of the main avenues, and saw walking a little ahead of us, the two gentlemen who had left the boat together.

As Bessie bounded away to greet the friend she had captivated on the steamer, there dashed out from a side avenue, a fine equipage drawn by two spirited horses. At the same moment, a boat, built to represent a swan, with white wings half-spread, approached the shore of a little lake lying opposite. The fiery team, catching a glimpse of the moving, ghost-like object, were instantly beyond the driver's control and he could not prevent them turning into our avenue, down which they tore at a furious rate.

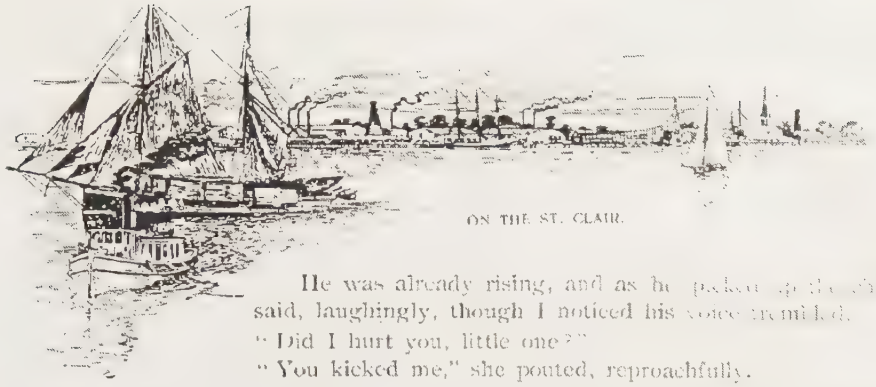
We saw, with horror, that little Bessie, intent on reaching her friend, was directly in the path of the runaways.

What I then witnessed I shall never forget. A piercing scream from Florence, and the child's mother, attracted at once the attention both of the child and the gentlemen. Bessie, seeing her own danger, started to run, but tripped and fell almost before the feet of the flying horses. The younger gentleman took in the situation instantly, and, pushing the other aside, sprang to the child's aid, like an arrow from a bow. There was no time to pick her up, but with one vigorous, seemingly cruel, kick he sent her on the soft grass beside the roadway, and carried by his own impetus stumbled forward and fell just beyond.

We rushed to the spot, supposing them both killed, for Bessie was too astonished to utter a sound, and the whole scene had passed too quickly for us to discover whether they had cleared the runaway at all.



INTERIOR VIEWS OF STEAMERS



ON THE ST. CLAIR.

He was already rising, and as he picked up the child said, laughingly, though I noticed his voice trembled.

"Did I hurt you, little one?"

"You kicked me," she pouted, reproachfully.

Her mother had reached them now, and with a joyous exclamation, "O, Bessie, Bessie," received the child in her arms. She sobbed aloud as she discovered that beyond a scratched face, the little one was unhurt.

Quite a crowd had gathered. Our party hastened forward, and among them appeared another passenger from our steamer. The young man made an effort to escape into the crowd which had quickly gathered, but failed in the attempt. His hand was heartily wrung by everybody and he was congratulated over and over again.

Among the foremost to greet him, was the old gentleman who had been his companion.

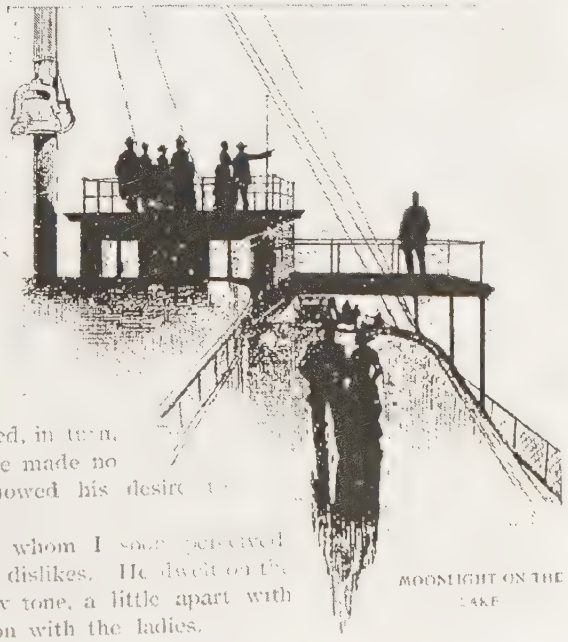
He was most impressive in his praises and detained the young man for the mother's tearful thanks, looking with radiant face on the apparent embarrassment with which all this attention was received.

As the others now showed some sign of releasing the hero the old gentleman brought him toward our group. "I think," said the elder, "it is but fair that the rescuer should be presented to the ladies who first discovered there was some one to rescue." Then he paused suddenly and said, turning to the young man. "Thus far, I have never heard your name, sir; I am H. Simpson Meredith, of Newark, New Jersey, and you———," extending his hand with the greatest frankness.

The young man looked dazed for a moment, then recovering himself replied, "My name is Harrison Young."

He was immediately presented to our party, and received, in turn, our congratulations, to which he made no direct reponse, but plainly showed his desire to drop the subject.

Not so the old gentleman, whom I soon perceived was a man of strong likes and dislikes. He dwelt on the details of the incident, in a low tone, a little apart with me, while Mr. Young walked on with the ladies.



MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE

VIEWS OF TOLEDO

We found that Detroit, or the City of the Straits, as the Michigander calls it, is a trifle smaller than Cleveland, but more fortunate than its competitor in being the metropolis of the state, with all parts of which it is thoroughly connected by numerous railroads. Its enterprising citizens also own or control a large proportion of the noble ships that traverse these lakes.

SALOON SCENE
CITY OF MACKINAC.

Her great charms to tourists are also quite different from those of Cleveland. While her streets are broad and abundantly shaded, her residences palatial, and her down town thoroughfares crowded with traffic, it is her justly celebrated claims as a summer resort which interest and astonish them. Her magnificent water privileges are equal to those of any city in the world, but unlike most others, they are unattended by the dangers and discomforts incident to large bodies of water. For twenty miles below the city and sixty-five miles above, the beautiful Detroit and St. Clair Rivers, and Lake St. Clair, and their innumerable tributaries offer opportunities for excursions by steam, sail and row boat, in endless variety and perfect safety, whether the weather be calm or not. The public excursion system is vast, far reaching and inexpensive, varying from the all day trip to the half hour ride. These are patronized by thousands every day. The citizens of Detroit have less need to leave their homes during the summer than those of any city I have ever visited.

Florence could not believe that Mackinac would prove more charming, and we almost decided to stay a week.

At night the city is beautifully illuminated by several hundred electric lights, elevated far above the houses and business blocks, on towers which are from 150 to 200 feet high.

After a day of thorough enjoyment, and a night of perfect rest we were up and away, to take the morning steamer for Mackinac.

"The use of traveling is to regulate the imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are."—DR. JOHNSON.

On arriving at the wharf we found a steamer of palatial size, and with a look of newness that indicated she had not been long off the stocks. Indeed, I learned later that she was less than one year old. She bore the name City of Mackinac.

THE PENNSYLVANIA BRIDGE
MAUMEE RAPIDS
RESIDENCES
TURTLE BACK ISLAND
COLLINGWOOD AVE

We found Mr Harts awaiting us, much to Nett's delight She immediately hailed him with the question,

"Where did this steamer come from?"

"From Toledo," he answered, promptly, "and passengers from Cleveland transfer to her at Detroit"

"Isn't she a beauty?"

"Yes, indeed She is one of the latest built, and is superior in finish, and equal in size to the Cleveland boats This company had two handsome steamers built a few years ago for this same route, but their trade and popularity entirely outgrew their capacity, so they were sold and new ones of three times their size, elegance and speed were built to take their places This is one of them"

"How large a town is Toledo?" I asked

"It has 100,000 inhabitants,' he answered, "and is the third city in size in Ohio It is situated on the Maumee river, about five miles above Lake Erie, and its harbor is now one of the best on the lakes Owing to this fact, and the exceptional advantages of 15 lines of railroad it has grown rapidly"

"What is its trade?" I asked

"Grain, coal and lumber," he replied. "It has twelve grain elevators, that will hold 8,000,000 bushels, and that handle a million and a quarter bushels every day The coal business is nearly as important, for the receipts foot up two million tons a year The lumber handled is over 3,000,000 feet."

"Tell me," I interrupted,—'tell me, young man, how you come to be so familiar with all these things? Have your spent your life on these lakes?"

"No," he laughed, "but knowing 'all these things' is meat and drink to me I travel for a large lumber company, and it is important for me to know the business of every port"

I was glad to receive an explanation so simple, for I had felt quite overpowered by his superior wisdom

"I wish you could take time," he resumed, "to go to Toledo It is a town well worth visiting It has many handsome public buildings, and as a place of residence, I know of none I should prefer The homes of its wealthy citizens are perfect mansions, while the dwellings of its working people are comfortable and cozy"

IX

ON reaching the steamer's deck we were somewhat surprised to meet the old gentleman, Mr Meredith.

"Good morning," I called out; "this is an unexpected compliment from you, to come to bid us another farewell"

"No farewell about it," he replied. 'I keep hearing so much about Mackinac, turn which way I will, that, by George, I have decided to see the place"

"So you are going with us?"

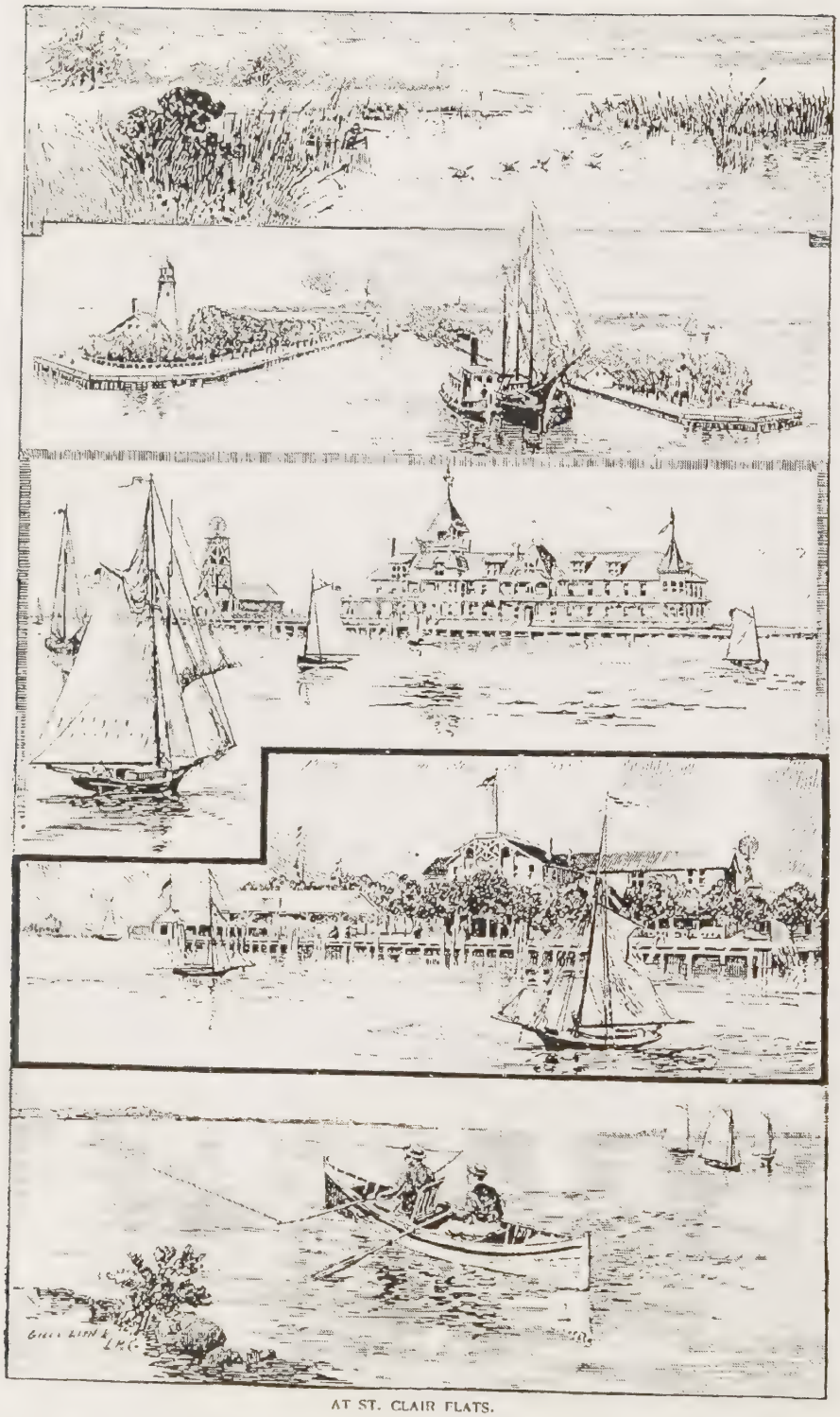
"Yes, I am. Everyone tells me that I could not take a more delightful trip Besides," he added, half hesitating, our friend, Mr Young, is going too"

"Indeed? Then his business here did not detain him?"

"No, it seems not to have been satisfactory"

My charges were arranging their state rooms, and I had taken a seat on the shady side of the deck. Mr Meredith sat down beside me and continued the conversation

"Yes" said he, "that is a fine young man. He is very reserved, but I succeeded in drawing from him, that he is rather alone in the world"



AT ST. CLAIR FLATS.

1 Gunning. 2. The Canal. 3. Rushmere Club. 4. Star Island House. 5. After Bass

"Ah?" said I, "then there is the chance for the lady whose child he rescued, to show her appreciation of the act."

"I suggested that," replied Mr. Meredith, "and was glad to drop the subject. He is so confoundedly independent, demme if he'd let me finish."

"Well, I respect him for it."

"Of course. So do I. I can't help feeling interested in him," said the old man, musingly. "He reminds me so much of the son I lost fifteen years ago."

"Did you lose a son?"

"Yes," sighed he. "I had a son, my only child, and he was all a father's heart could wish, until he was older than this young man,—until, indeed he was old enough to marry, and then—well, then—he took the bit in his own mouth and married against my will."

"He married to suit himself," said I, thinking of Nett.

"Oh, yes. He was perfectly infatuated with the girl, but it upset all my plans for the disposition of my property, and worst of all, broke his mother's heart."

"Why should it have made such a difference?" I asked, for I had become interested, and the man seemed to crave sympathy.

"Because I had set my heart on his marrying my partner's daughter, a nice agreeable girl, who was really fond of him, and to whom there could be no objection, except that she was a little older than he. She, too, was an only child. It would have united two rather handsome fortunes."

"Did you know the girl he chose?"

"Oh no. I did not know her. I did not want to know her, by George. She was as poor as a church mouse, sir. I heard she was pretty, and she afterwards proved herself a smart and capable woman. But, by George, sir, she should not have encouraged him in his disobedience. I never saw her, and,"—this most sadly—"I never saw him again after they married."

"You did not cast him off because he married the woman he loved?" I said, involuntarily drawing back.

"Yes, I did. I forbade them both the house. I offered him hundreds of thousands if he would give her up, but he preferred to go forth penniless."

"Just as any true man should," I replied. "I'd like to see the man who could have substituted for me some old maid, however rich, for my sweet bride."

"You speak with the fervor of youth," he replied. "I admit that I have long since repented of my course, and tried my best to make reparation, but it has been all in vain."

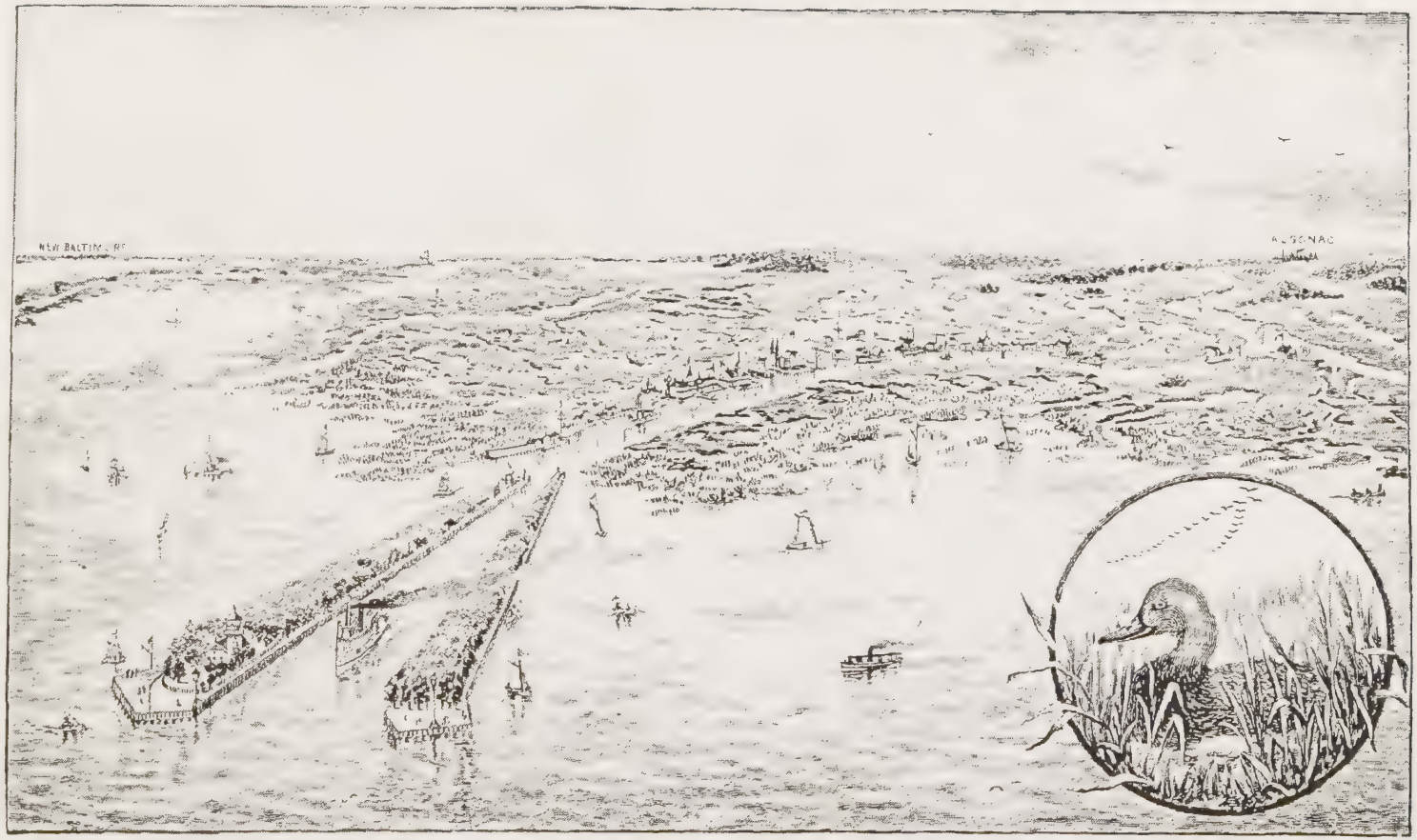
"How did your son get along?" I asked.

"He got a good position in a western house in Cincinnati. Our firm used its influence in his favor. But in a few years his health failed. He lingered a long time, and I found out after his death that his wife supported him and their son by singing in choirs, and writing for newspapers. At last we got news of his death, and a few months after my wife died broken-hearted.

"I wrote to the widow that I would take the boy and bring him up, and educate him, but she respectfully declined the offer. I heard a few years later that the boy was a very promising chap, so I wrote offering to put him through college. I wish you could see the letter he wrote back. It was a child's letter, but, demme, if it wasn't the most independent you ever read. He could not accept any assistance from a man who had mistreated his beautiful mother, and noble father. I have never written to them since."

"How long ago is that?" I asked.

"Ten years. I heard indirectly that they had afterwards left Cincinnati and gone back East."



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF U. S. GOVERNMENT CANAL AND THE ST. CLAIR FLATS. THE FAMOUS FISHING AND SHOOTING GROUNDS HOME OF THE BLACK BASS AND DUCK

1. St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club. 2. Rushmere Club. 3. Butler's. 4. Star Island Hotel. 5. Boydell's. 6. Peninsular Shooting and Fishing Club. 7. Bedor's. 8. Canadian Club House. 9. North Channel Club House.

"You should keep track of them," I said, "for I'll venture a good deal that the boy has made a man of himself."

"I have heard that he is making something of a mark in college. He is working his way through by earning money summers. I heard of his working one year on a farm, and another, at a hotel."

"Is his mother still living?"

"I never heard of her death. She gives music lessons, and sings well yet, they say."

Turning in my seat just then, I saw Mr. Young waiting for him to finish the sentence before bidding us "good morning."

A moment afterwards my wife and Florence appeared, and we all sought a pleasant corner.

Mr. Young went down the deck for an easy chair for Florence, and the old gentleman said hurriedly,

"Now there's a young man to be proud of. I have no one in the world to share my prosperity, or inherit my property, and I may be able to help him, if I can find out how to offer assistance."

X

THE steamer was now swinging out into the river, and we were having another fine view of Detroit's water frontage. This is nearly nine miles long. For about three miles, the river is a mile wide, straight and deep, with high banks and no islands or shallows.

On the opposite shore nestles a quaint little Canadian city called Windsor, and further up the hustling town of Walkerville.

Upon reaching Belle Isle, our steamer chose the channel on the Canadian side and Detroit was lost to view, but when the island was passed and the river widened again we caught sight of Grosse Pointe, the most aristocratic suburb of the city. A collection of more sumptuous summer villas one could never hope to see.

Five minutes later we were fairly launched on Lake St. Clair.

"This lake is not an Erie," said Nett.

"It seems little more than the outspreading of a river," I replied.

Mr. Harts came smilingly towards us, carrying a rocker in one hand.

"Why did you not look us up before? We thought you had got left," I cried, as he began his greetings.

"Oh, no, I came on early, but I have been making a lumber trade," was the reply.

"Well, I hope we have a watchful pilot," said Mr. Meredith, "for I never saw so many boats. They are all around us."

"Yes, the traffic of these lakes is greater than our entire foreign commerce. It is said that a vessel passes a given point every seven minutes."

"There doesn't seem to be much sea room for so many ships," said I.

"No," was the reply, "but this is not the worst of it. There is the mouth of the St. Clair river, a vast marsh of clear running water, with several tortuous channels difficult of navigation. This was greatly improved, by a ship canal, built by the U. S. government. It is a mile and a half long, 200 feet wide and 16 feet deep."

"When was that built?" asked Mr. Meredith.

"I really don't know when," was the amazing reply. Mr. Harts was becoming human and fallible, here was another thing he did not know.

"What? the canal?" asked Mr. Young, looking up from his conversation with Florence. "In 1871, I think."

Mr. Harts looked a little crestfallen but, like Abou-Ben-Adhem, spoke cheerily still, as he added,—

"And cost $650,000."

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF PORT HURON.

WE found, as we progressed, that St Clair river is over 40 miles long, and unlike the Detroit, is almost uniform in width, and not broken with islands

The American shore is lined with summer homes, private and public, the palace-like villas of the wealthy alternating with club houses, mammoth hotels, and little shooting boxes These extend for many miles, indeed, the entire length of the river bids fair to become, on the American side, one long line of summer resorts On the Canadian shore, the marsh is preserved in all its native wildness, as a shooting ground, for the pleasure seeking sportsmen of the Queen's domains

The steamer stopped a few moments at St Clair, where all eyes were attracted by the beautiful lawns and ornamental grounds of a very handsome hotel These had a river front of many hundred feet, and included several broad acres

I asked Mr Harts what place it was, and he answered,

"The Oakland Hotel The attractions here are some famous mineral springs Its patronage is largely from Southern people, who besides the springs, enjoy bathing, boating, shooting, driving, and all the other amusements of out-door life"

"It must rival Mackinac," I said

"It does, in this respect," he said "Many of the business men of Cleveland and vicinity cannot spare the time to visit Mackinac They, therefore, send their families to this point, where they too can visit every week without loss of business hours. Many of these camps are made up of people similarly situated, who come from accessible localities in surrounding states"

Thus the day wore pleasantly on Mr Young and Florence kept up a bright happy chatter, mostly on books they had read, and Mr Meredith watched them, with a kind of benison in his face The breeze brought a faint flush of color to her cheek, and there was an unusual animation in her eye and voice

Early in the afternoon we reached the head of St Clair river, over 60 miles from Detroit and landed at a considerable town which Mr Harts introduced to us as Port Huron

. We took on a large accession of passengers, mostly imports from the Canada side, who, it seems, always pass through Port Huron, en route to western or northern points

Directly opposite is the Canadian town of Sarnia A railroad tunnel under the St. Clair connects the two cities, and is a most remarkable piece of civil engineering Many railroads center on both sides of the river, and the cities are therefore very prosperous

Shortly after leaving Port Huron, we became aware that the steamer was struggling with a mighty current A neck of land setting from the Canadian side, towards the American shore, so contracts the channel that the waters attain a velocity of six to eight miles an hour It lacks but little of being impassable rapids, and smaller crafts frequently become quite unmanageable Our steamer, however, plunged through it bravely

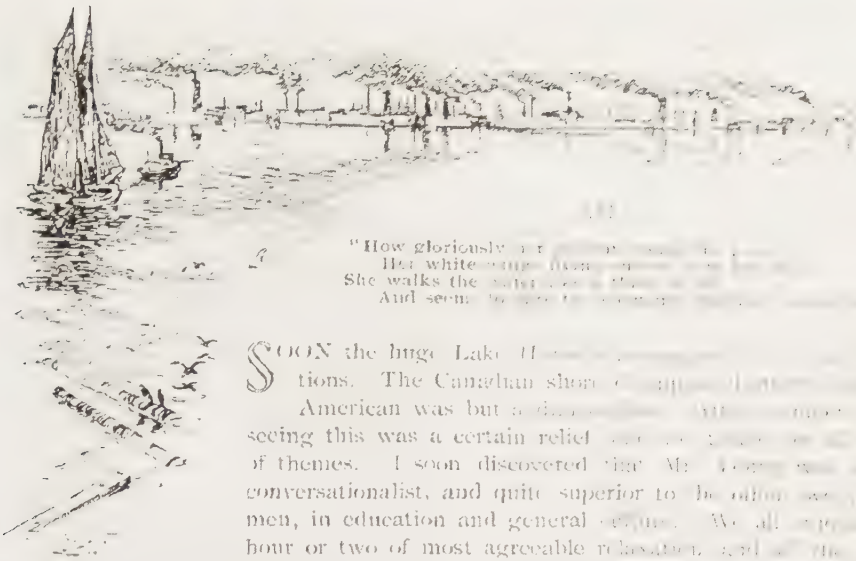
As we put out into Lake Huron Mr Harts called our attention to a beautiful beach that ran down to the water's edge A little farther up we saw twin villages nestling upon the sands They were long rows of cottages built around what seemed a central hall

"Notice those two places," said Mr Harts "They are famous family resorts"

"But how oddly they are built?" said Nett

"The cottages are only lodgings, and the large central building is a dining hall where all are supplied with meals."

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF SAND BEACH HARBOR OF REFUGE.



"How gloriously [illegible]
Her white wings [illegible]
She walks the [illegible]
And seems [illegible]

SOON the huge Lake [illegible] tions. The Canadian shore [illegible] American was but a [illegible] seeing this was a certain relief [illegible] of themes. I soon discovered that Mr. [illegible] conversationalist, and quite superior to the [illegible] men, in education and general culture. We all [illegible] hour or two of most agreeable relaxation, and [illegible] passengers seemed occupied in much [illegible]

A LUMBER FORT.

Nett led off the conversation with Mr. Harts and myself by a [illegible] steamboats, we three sitting a little apart.

Said she, "I generally feel so unsafe on steamers that it would take a great storm to frighten me, while on board such a vessel as this, and a long voyage to weary me. I could live for months on this floating hotel and enjoy every minute of the time."

"That," said Mr. Harts, "is partly due to the exhilarating effects of this pure lake air."

"Do you think so, indeed?" asked Nett.

"There is no doubt of it. The air is charged with ozone, and is wonderfully pure. The reputation of the northern resorts depends on these qualities, and the traveler over the lake gets the same benefits, before he reaches his destination.

"Over-wrought nerves and brains get perfect rest here. Mackinac and Petoskey are celebrated for their cures of hay fever and bronchial affections."

XIII.

AT this juncture the other portion of our group seemed to have got into a heated discussion. Mr. Meredith was talking in an earnest voice, and in tones unusually loud.

"It is all nonsense," I heard him say, "all nonsense! I have no patience with such ideas."

"What ideas?" asked I, my curiosity thoroughly aroused.

"We were speaking of the ingenious devices by which young men manage to work their way through college," replied Mr. Young.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF LAKE HURON.

I thought I detected a hint of merriment in his voice, as Mr. Mc[illegible] suddenly interrupted—

"There is no need of these devices. There is no gentleman of means who would not willingly assist a worthy young man."

"That is nothing," said I. "An ambitious young ma[illegible] to rely on his own efforts."

"There is my grandson," said Mr. Meredith. "I have offered to put him through college, but Mr. Independence wont accept. He is working his way along unaided, so far as I know. I say it is all nonsense."

"What is he like?" asked Florence.

"I never saw him," said Mr. Meredith. "His name is Meredi[illegible] and I have heard that he was named for me, but I know [illegible] except that he's too proud for his own good, or for my peace of."

Then a little sadly he added,

"I really would like to help him." Mr. Young listened gravely and with [illegible] attention.

MACKINAC COTTAGE, ROUND POINT, MACKINAC.

"I cannot help liking this unknown grandson of yours, the [illegible] I said, "that he neither accepted your assistance, nor gave up the project. He preferred to work harder, and keep his self-respect."

"That is it, precisely," said Mr. Young, smiling at me brightly.

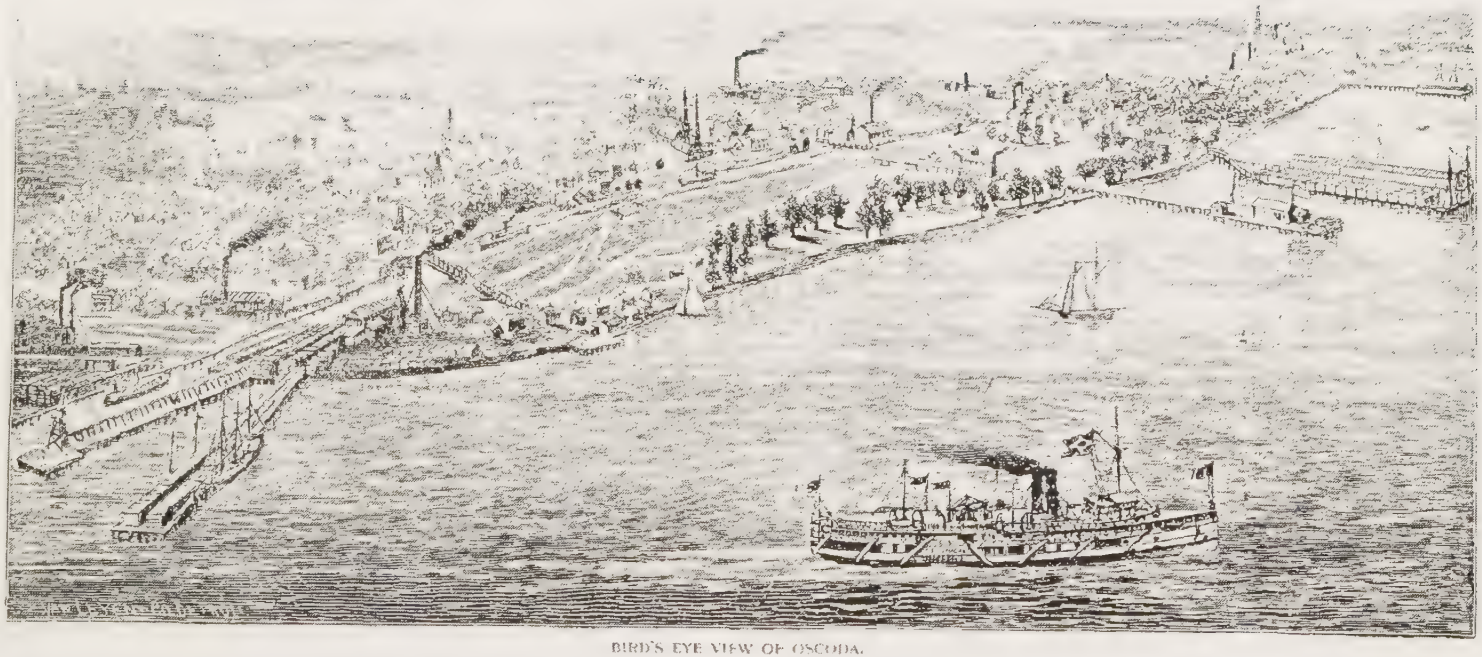
Little Florence spoke up suddenly, reaching out a peace-making hand to Mr. Meredith.

"You must agree to disagree, for we are all against you. If I were a young man going through college, I would cook, or wash dishes, or scour brasses, if need be, to accomplish my object."

Mr. Harts was whittling his pencil and uninterested, but Mr. Young was beaming. His face was really radiant.

Mr. Meredith struck his cane more firmly on the deck, and muttered, "By George, it's all nonsense."

Luckily, at this point in the argument supper was announced, and we all adjourned to the dining saloon. We had, throughout the trip, been so absorbed in the novelties and delights of the scenery and other experiences that we had



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF OSCODA.

paid but little heed to the wants of the inner man except to remark upon the elegance and completeness of all appertaining thereto We were finding, however that the fresh lake breezes were sharpening appetites to an appreciative keenness, and the tempting array of viands, the perfect, well-trained service, the elegance of all the surroundings made the hours at table, periods of unalloyed enjoyment A better meal I never had at the best of hotels. After supper we again sought the deck in order to enjoy the long June twilight

"Do you not know that what is best
In all the world is rest
From turmoil and from worry?"—LONGFELLOW

XIV

LATE in the evening our steamer approached the prosperous village of Sand Beach, and we noted the peculiar appearance of its harbor Laying directly across the approach, with only a short stretch of free sea-room, was a magnificent piece of engineering and masonry, which Mr Harts said was a breakwater built by the government, to form a harbor of refuge for vessels overtaken by storm

"It is 8000 feet long," said he, "and cost a cool million, and is the only place on the lower lake to which vessels can fly when in danger It has saved the lives of thousands of sailors"

The village seemed a pleasant place, and we were told that its hotel—the Dow House—is much patronized by families, especially those with delicate children Besides the healthy climate, the hotel makes the unique claim of furnishing finer, fresher and larger quantities of milk, cream, and other country delicacies than any resort in Michigan

Shortly after leaving Sand Beach, our steamer struck boldly into what our maps told us was Saginaw Bay

The twilight had disappeared, and darkness long ago settled upon the broad waters, when we came upon a new sensation

We had passed innumerable craft of every description, that one and all told tales of the immense commerce on these lakes Indeed, vessels of one kind or another had been constantly in sight ever since we entered Lake Huron

But now a strong electric search light suddenly flashed from the north of us, and after a little wavering to and fro settled full upon us, and we felt that we stood out clear and plain to somebody's gaze

Instantly an answering flash from our own vessel gleamed like a sun burst across the water, and, brought into its clear track with startling distinctness, a magnificent steamer, the very counterpart of our own.

"It is their south-bound steamer!" many voices exclaimed

As she passed there were salutes of whistles shouts, and waving of handkerchiefs on both vessels It was a brief, but exiting incident The searchlight kept her in line as she gracefully left us

Florence turned to Mr Harts and said,

"Is that really another of the company's steamers"

"Yes," he answered quickly. "one which sails the waters for the accommodation of the public, and,"—bowing low,—"for the good of its exchequer"

As the evening air had now grown cold, we retired to the grand salon, and after some excellent singing and a few dances separated for the night

We had nearly crossed Saginaw Bay and were approaching the twin towns called Oscoda and Au Sable, which contain about 9000 inhabitants, and do a large business in salt and lumber

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF ALPENA.

"Pure was the temp'rate air, and [illegible]
Perpetual reign'd, save what th[illegible]
Breath'd o'er the blue expans[illegible]

THE next morning, anxious to enjoy the scenery, I was on deck at an earl[illegible] hour, but found Mr. Harts ahead of me. He looked like a man who h[illegible] not slept well, and I remarked it, and expressed a hope that he was n[illegible]

"No," he answered, "but I have been up half the night. You explained, "at 2 o'clock we reached Alpena, the metropolis of Lake H[illegible] an interesting place, and I wish you could see it by daylight. Yo[illegible] return."

"Tell me about it," said I.

"Well, first, it has a natural harbor of gigantic size. It is really a [illegible] called Thunder Bay, at the mouth of Thunder Bay river. The water of the b[illegible] great curiosity, being strongly discolored by mud and sawdust, and dotted with floating logs, that we call 'runaways.' A strong odor of resinou[illegible] permeates the air, and great clouds of light smoke float over head. They iss[illegible] from tremendous black funnels that stand in the foreground on either side as [illegible] near the city, and which continually belch forth immense volumes of this odoro[illegible] vapor. No city is to be seen. In fact, nothing is visible but lumber. Towering piles of it stretch out for half a mile on each side of the river entrance, and great

STREET SCENE IN OLD MACKINAC.

rafts of logs lie side by side upon the water. The steamer picks her way with nice care among the obstacles,—dodging vessels at anchor, floating [illegible] damaging logs, and finally works her way to the docks.

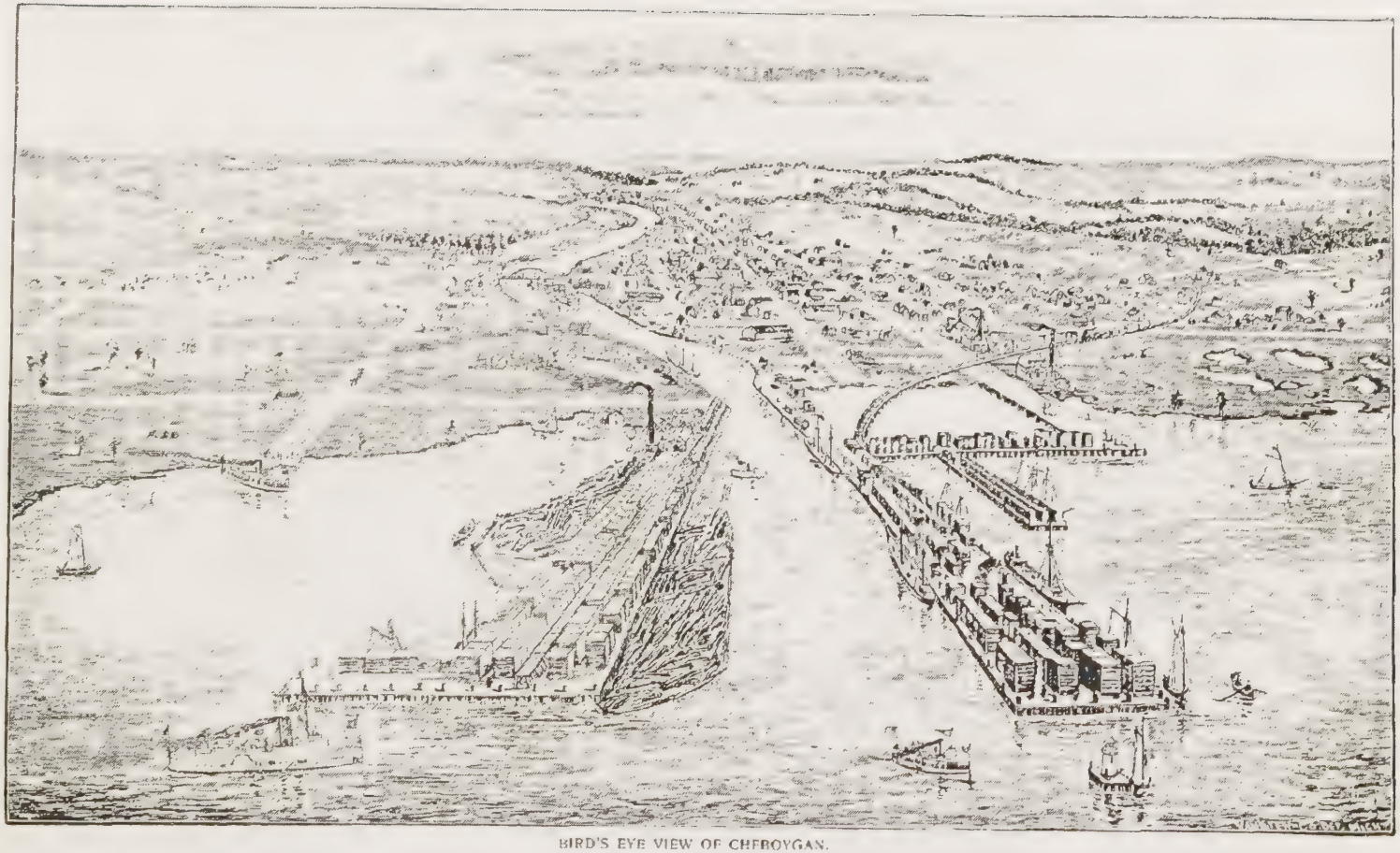
"When the day boat lies there an hour, many of the passengers go a[illegible] 'to find the city,' as they say. When they return, they [illegible] seen nothing but more lumber, and heard nothing but screaming saws and rushing machinery."

"And did you go ashore this morning?"

"Yes; I saw by the searchlight some of our company's rafts in the water and one of them is not well put together. I went ashore and left a telephon[illegible] message to our agent here to have it converted [illegible] before it converts itself into 'runaways.'"

"How long will it take?"

"A few hours. It will be done by the time I reach Cheboygan.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF CHEBOYGAN.

The rest of our party had appeared, and we all partook of a delicious breakfast

A few hours after, Mr. Harts strapped his overcoat, books, and umbrel together, for we were approaching Cheboygan. When he had finished, I took hin by the hand and with a well cleared throat said,

"May your life flow as easily and freely as your statistics, may your informa-tion never be less; your prosperity as wide and enduring as the great l All other good wishes are yours, but the gang plank is lowering, and I mu give you pause"—

"Yes, two of them," said Nett, extending both her hands. "He has g you all the good wishes, but I give myself a few. If I ever make another trip into a new region, I hope to find you or your counterpart ever by my side

"Let it be myself," he laughed. "Don't accept the counterpart," and hear shaking the hands of both he was off.

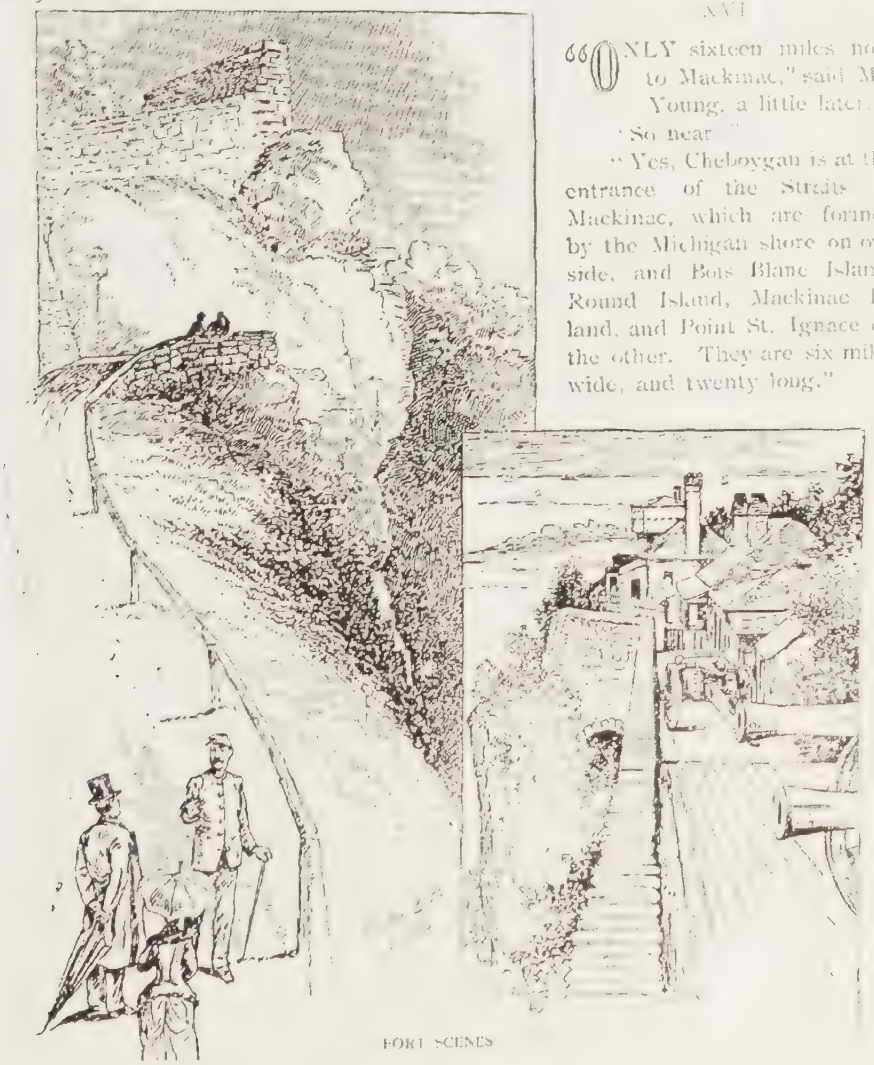
I said, "I feel like a man who has moved his office, and left his r library behind."

XVI

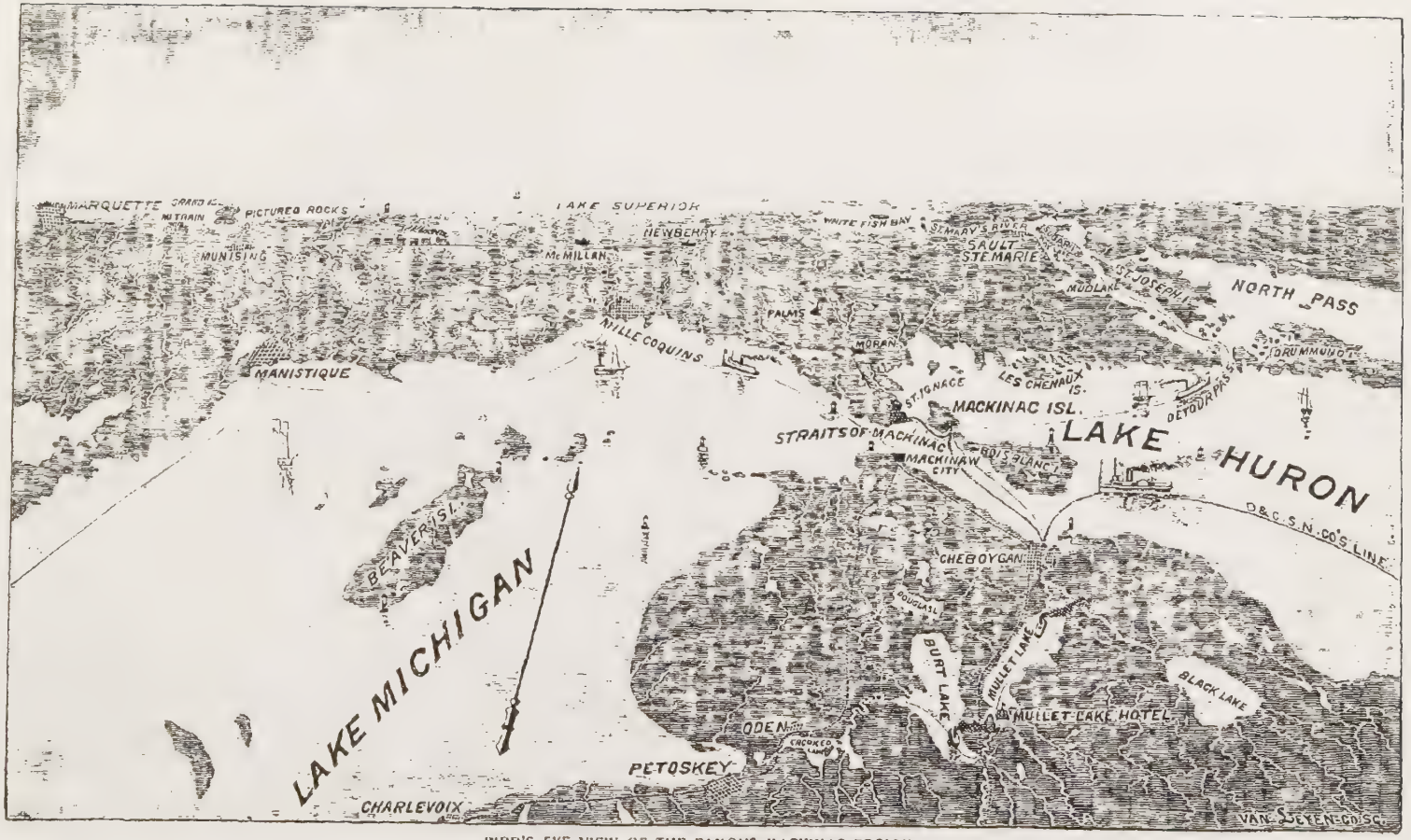
"ONLY sixteen miles now to Mackinac," said Mr Young, a little later.

"So near"

"Yes, Cheboygan is at the entrance of the Straits of Mackinac, which are formed by the Michigan shore on one side, and Bois Blanc Island, Round Island, Mackinac Island, and Point St. Ignace on the other. They are six miles wide, and twenty long."



FORT SCENES



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE FAMOUS MACKINAC REGION.

"I think I can tell you something of that," said Mr. Young. "I felt the same desire, and looked into it a little."

Easy chairs were quickly arranged in comfortable positions and Mr. Young began:—

"Before the white man found it, when the Indians [illegible] its original name was Mechenomockemong."

"Oh, spell it," said Nett.

"Pronouncing it slowly will do as well, I think," said Mr. Young. "It is Me-che-no-mock-e-mong."

"What does it mean?" persisted Nett.

"It was given it as expressive of their surprise, when at one time at Point St. Ignace, a large gathering of Indians, who were intently gazing at the rising sun, beheld the island suddenly rise up from the water and assume its present form. It bore a fancied resemblance to the back of a huge turtle, hence the name. The French called it Michinimackinac. Its present name, Mackinac, is pronounced Mackinaw. Tradition makes it the birth-place of Michabou, the Indian god of waters and the home of the giant spirits. It is said that in passing to and fro, the savages made offerings of tobacco and other articles to the Great Spirits. These deities were supposed to have a subterranean abode under the island the entrance to which was near the base of the hill, just below the present southern gate of the fort. It was often the chosen home of the savage tribes, from the security which it afforded against their enemies."

SALLY PORT, FORT MACKINAC

"Was it not here that Father Marquette and Father Jolie taught the Indians?" asked Florence.

"Yes," replied the narrator.

"Father Marquette founded a college for the education of Indian youths in 1671. After his death the Indian

MACKINAC ISLAND.

converts brought back his body from its first burial place on Lake Michigan, to the little mission on the Straits of Mackinac, which in life he loved so well."

"Who was he?" asked Mr. Meredith.

"A Jesuit priest," replied Mr. Young. "The first pale faces who ventured into this region were Jesuits, who established the Ottawa Mission of Sault Ste. Marie. The first vessel ever seen on these waters was the 'Griffin' built on Lake Erie, in 1678, by La Salle, the prince of canoeists and the most fearless of explorers."

"Well, who followed the Jesuits?" asked Mr. Meredith. The old gentleman sat facing Florence and Mr. Young, and seemed to have no eyes for anyone else.

"Cadillac, who afterwards founded Detroit, established a small fort on the Straits in 1695. Then came contests, skirmishes and massacres, until all the French strongholds on the lakes were surrendered to the English in 1701. The flags of three nations successively floated over this island. It has been the theater of many a bloody tragedy."

"Was it not somewhere in this region that Pontiac came into prominence?" asked Florence.

"Yes; in 1763 began the conspiracy of Pontiac, wonderful for the sagacity with which it was planned, and the vigor with which it was executed. Pontiac was the most remarkable Indian of all the lake tribes. He was a firm friend of the French, and, to aid their cause, arranged a simultaneous attack upon all the English forts in the lake country. Among those taken and destroyed was the little post at Mackinac. A year afterwards, a treaty of peace having been made with the Indians, troops were sent to raise the English flag over the fort again. In 1780 the British abandoned the fort at Old Mackinaw and transferred the garrison to Mackinac Island, where they built the present Fort Mackinac. At that time it was inclosed by a palisade of cedar pickets ten feet high, protected at the top by sharp iron prongs and by hooks outside and intended as a defence against Indians. The ancient blockhouses, pierced with portholes, are still standing, sentry-like, at corners of the battlements.

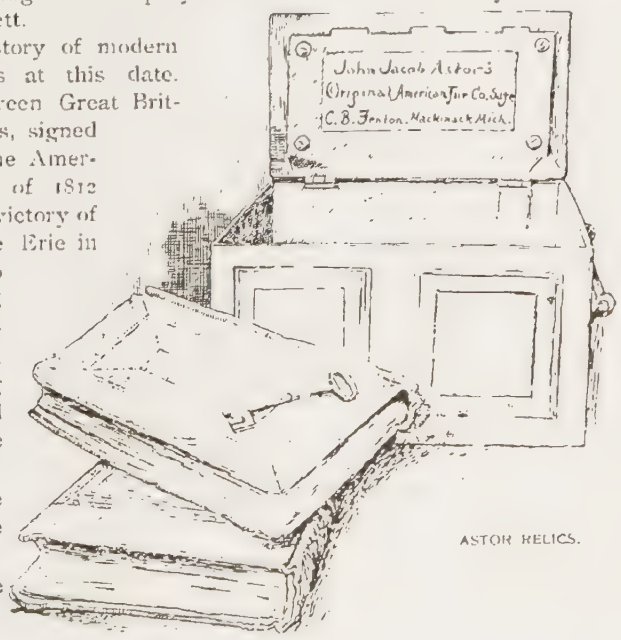
"It is all very interesting and I hope you will visit it in a few days."

"What next?" said Nett.

"Well, really, the history of modern Mackinac properly begins at this date. By a treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States, signed in 1783, the island fell to the Americans, but during the war of 1812 was again lost. After the victory of Commodore Perry on Lake Erie in 1813, an effort was made to recapture it, which proved unsuccessful. At the conclusion of peace, in 1814, however, the American flag was permanently hoisted over the Gibraltar of the lakes."

"Why did they care for it at all? What made it so important?" I asked.

"Fur trading," was the reply.



ASTOR RELICS.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW ISLAND OF MACKINAC.

1. Fort Mackinac.
2. Fort Holmes.
3. Catholic Cemetery.
4. Military Cemetery.
5. Skull Cave.
6. Quarry, 1780.
7. Limekiln, 1780.
8. Robinson's Folly.
9. Cliffs.
10. Arch Rock.
11. Sugar Loaf.
12. Skull Rock.
13. Battlefield, 1814.
14. Scott's Cave.
15. British Landing.
16. Lover's Leap.
17. Devil's Kitchen.
18. Pontiac's Lookout.
19. Obelisk.
20. Old Indian Burying Ground
21. Distillery, 1812.
22. Grand Hotel
23. D. & C. Wharf.

"In 1809 John Jacob Astor organized the A
a capital of two millions. For forty years this com
and Mackinac was its great central ma

"Mackinac must have prospered at that

"Yes, those were Mackinac's palmy days
post on the lakes and a port of great impo
crowded with people and the mammoth warehouses filled with merchandise. A
vessels sailing between Chicago and lower lake po

"It was a long journey and everything wa
as long as they pleased, sometimes for w
got ready.

"Mr. Astor sold out in 1834; bo
involved and was abandoned. In its best
"There is a hotel there now," he
House, which is simply a large warehouse of the old American Fur Compan
remodeled. The ancient account and correspondence books are still k
exhibition. They form interesting reading, though much defaced and mutilated
by tourist vandals

"If this is the home of Manitou, the Great Spirit, there must be so
legends connected with such picturesque spots," said Florence

"There are legends," he answered, smiling. "Equally, being a
resort, there is a 'Lover's Leap.' This is a perpendicular rock, rising to a h
of one hundred and fifty feet above the lake. Long before the pale fac
profaned this island a young Indian girl often gazed from its dizzy heights a

WATER VIEW OF THE FOLLY AND FAIRY ARCH.

ROBINSON'S FOLLY, MACKINAC ISLAND.

the receding canoes of the Ojibeway and Ottawa warriors as they sped southward, seeking fame and scalps. Here she sat, musing and singing her love songs, and watching and listening for the return of the war parties, among whom she always searched for her hero, Ge-niw-e-gwon, whose head was gloriously decorated with war eagle plumes. The wind often wafted far in advance the shouts of victory as they left Pe-quod-e-nong (Old Mackinaw) to cross to Fairy Island. One day she could not distinguish his familiar shout, an enemy's arrow having pierced his breast. The girl's heart was broken, and she constantly saw her beloved beckoning her to follow him. One morning her mangled body was found at the foot of this bluff. She had gone to meet her warrior in the spirit land."

"A real typical legend," said Nett, "but have you not another, a modern legend, as it were?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Young, "there is another so modern as to have a white man as its hero, and a fixed date for its occurrence."

"Let us hear it, at once," said Nett.

"It is also connected with a precipice," he laughed. "This rock is known as Robinson's Folly, a cliff at the south-east end of the island, about two hundred feet in height, and absolutely perpendicular. The waves of the lake wash its base.

"The legend is called 'The Fate of Wintemoyeh,' and its date is squarely set as 1783, and the season autumn.'

"It must be a white man's legend," said Mr. Meredith, "since it is traced to a certain year of Our Lord."

"You are right. Captain Robinson, the hero, was the English commander at Fort Mackinac and he loved an Indian maiden, Wintemoyeh, whose father, Peezhicki, was chief of the Ste. Marie band of Chippewas, located on an island called Isle des Iroquois, about fifteen miles distant from the falls of the St. Mary. Having lost all his children but the lovely Wintemoyeh, Peezhicki determined to ally her to a powerful band of the Chegoimegon. The chosen bridegroom was a ferocious warrior, homely and detestable, and as old as her father. Wintemoyeh was disgusted, but she loved her father dearly and knew that to marry one of the hated race of English would anger him. The marriage feast was approaching when Peezhicki was stricken with small-pox, and instantly demanded that his daughter be married to Assibun. At this juncture a love token from her lover told Wintemoyeh that he waited for her at the trysting place. She fled at once and Captain Robinson took her to far-off Mackinac.

"Peezhicki was so nearly dead when the startling news was told him that he could scarce be made to understand. When he finally did, the change was remarkable. So great was his hatred, anger, and dismay, that he recovered almost in a day. Taking his canoe, he journeyed all alone to Mackinac, for the purpose of killing Robinson and recapturing his daughter.

'After Robinson's arrival at the island with his bride, and on the day the nuptials were to be celebrated on the cliff, it was reported to Robinson that the old chief was on the island. Believing him dead, Robinson gave no heed. When the party was merriest a shot was heard, and a bullet intended for Robinson killed one of his officers. In the hand to hand conflict which ensued between Robinson and the old chief, the latter stepped too near the edge of the cliff, and fell over its edge. Grasping a sapling, he was swinging to and fro when he saw his daughter leaning over the cliff and looking at him with loving eyes. By a superhuman effort, he swung himself up to tore her from the summit, and both dropped through a sheer descent of two hundred feet to the rocks

GRAND HOTEL, MACKINAC.

personal pennies here, on which many these legends are inscribed.

"What a horrible ending!," said Nett. "What became of Robinson?" Then, with her eyes full of mischief, added, "What became of Aissiboia?"

"History draws a veil," said Mr. Young.

"I wonder if there are any Indians there now," said Florence.

"Oh, no," laughed Mr. Young, "but years ago, when the U. S. government made its Indian payments here, the neighboring tribes assembled by thousands to receive their stipend."

XVII.

SO interested had we all been that we had not noticed our progress. Presently we rounded the point of an island and behold! before us lay Mackinac!

The most conspicuous object was an immense hotel, The Grand, gleaming out white and bold against a background of green foliage. On the right was a series of structures there was no mistaking. It was the fort, indeed, before our eyes. In the foreground were summer cottages, fishing boats at anchor, water-side huts, canoes, etc., and a long dock for which our steamer was headed.

As we gathered our baggage, the question of our hotel came up, and we turned inquiringly to Mr. Young, who said quietly, "I shall go to the Grand, because my business calls me there."

That immediately decided Mr. Meredith. My wife and I consulted a little first.

Mr. Young informed us that The Grand is the largest and best equipped hotel on the island, or, indeed in the west; that it is now in charge of Mr. J. R. Hayes, who in connection with the Wayne, at Detroit, and the Arlington at Petoskey, has made for himself a reputation as a hotel man without a superior.

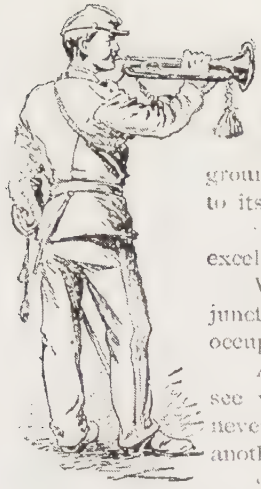
He also mentioned, if we wished something on a smaller scale, the John Jacob Astor House, of which he had told us. He added, "It is in the hotel line, a representative of all that is old and quaint about Mackinac, and its low, heavily timbered ceilings, ancient fireplaces, old time door locks, and dismal storage vaults are enough to inspire an antiquarian.

"'The Mission House,' he continued, "at the extreme easterly point of the island, is very popular with those loving quiet repose."

"What is that new looking hotel at the head of the dock?" I asked.

OLD MISSION CHURCH, MACKINAC.

GRAND HOTEL VERANDA.



"That is the New Mackinac," he answered, "and it is very popular with [illegible] throughout and located [illegible]

"That quaint, inviting [illegible] so well resembles an [illegible] the Island House, [illegible] grounds, made beautiful with [illegible] to its southern homelike appearance.

"There are also the Murray [illegible] excellent reputations."

We all decided to go to the [illegible] juncture made his adieus, stating, [illegible] occupied, and unable perhaps to see us for some time.

As he left us Nett said to me in a low tone, "I [illegible] see what Mr. Meredith is going to do with himself now. I never saw a man take such a strong and sudden fancy to another."

"I think we may look nearer home," I whispered, "For [illegible] is going to find Mackinac lonely, without Mr. Young."

When we advanced to the stairs we found them crowded with passengers. Mr. Young was in the further edge of the crowd.

Suddenly a bright little form, in which we instantly recognized Miss Bessie, bounded to his side, and I heard her say,

"Mamma wants to speak to you. She is back here. She thought you stopped at Detroit."

As he turned back with the child, she said,

"We are going over to the Mission House now, and when papa comes we are all going to the Grand."

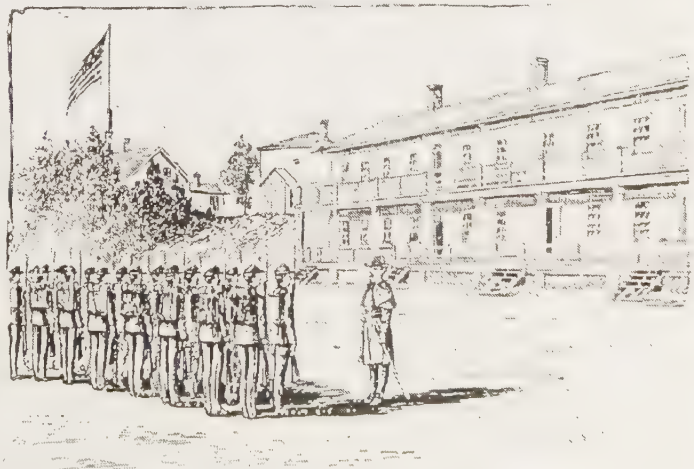
Bessie's mother came to meet him and they spoke a few [illegible] He shook his head, and then she gave him her card, told Bessie to kiss him, and they parted, to his evident relief.

The crowd moved on, and he was soon on the dock. From the head of the gangway we saw a strange sight. Everybody was greeting Mr. Young with warm welcomes. The cab drivers stopped their yelling to tip a hat, the runners grinned from afar off; guests who had strolled down to see the landing brightened in recognition.

"Who is Mr. Young? is what I want to know," said Nett, as she watched the scene. "He must be a somebody."

"He certainly seems a favorite with all classes," I said.

"I shall make it my business to find out," said Mr. Meredith, with much emphasis, "and then I will let you know."



PARADE GROUND - FORT MACKINAC.

ASTOR HOUSE, MACKINAC.

We were over the plank at last and soon afterward arrived at the hotel.

It proved to be one of those enormous modern hotel buildings such as are found in a few of the most prosperous eastern resorts; a perfect hive of humanity in the height of the season and with a corps of attendants resembling a small army. It was five stories in height and looked fully 700 feet in length. At the upper end was a wing, which added considerably to the frontage, and in the opposite direction a large and handsome casino. A generous veranda connected this building with the hotel proper and extending along its entire front turned the corner of the wing. This portico must have been 30 feet in width and was protected overhead by a sort of extension of the hotel roof, supported at intervals by massive colonnades. Looking upward a sheer 50 feet to the capitals of these vast columns and the white ceiling they supported I could not repress a slight shudder at the vastness of the space. It was the most magnificent promenade I had ever seen. At the time of our arrival it was crowded with guests.

I afterward learned that this structure cost $300,000 and accommodates 1,000 guests. The site is a commanding eminence overlooking the Straits of Mackinac and the fringe of Michigan shore in the dreamy distance. Every variety of lake craft which we had encountered in our trip was to be seen from the hotel, either pursuing some long voyage or hovering about the Mackinac waters. The terraced slope from the veranda and driveway to the water's edge was a vision of evergreen clusters and velvet lawns enlivened with fountains, tennis and ball courts, rustic seats and swings. A boat pier reached far out into the sparkling water and near it was a swimming beach which during our stay was always well patronized.

Upon entering the hotel I conducted my charges to the parlors, which were on the main floor at one side of the large rotunda office. Near them were the reading, writing and smoking rooms, and some parlor bedrooms for invalids. At the other side of the office was the dining-room. It occupied at least one-third of the length and the entire breadth of the building and was two stories high. It could evidently accommodate many hundreds of guests at one seating.

At the upper end was a balcony for the orchestra, of which the Grand is so proud. For my own part, the music was not needed to aid in disposing of the tempting viands which were regularly set before us, but it certainly added vastly to my enjoyment of the meal hours.

COTTAGE AT MACKINAC ISLAND OVER 100 YEARS OLD.

We found the guest rooms large, airy and elegantly furnished. The elevator and call bells placed us in easy reach of the office and the electric lights and gas were quite metropolitan. The rooms were offered us at $3 to $5 per day and we chose those of medium price, making special terms, of course, on account of our long stay.

The landlord, Mr. J.

ARCH ROCK, FROM THE BEACH.

acquaintance of mine and met me in a cordial, homelike way, which made me feel at ease in the vast edifice at once Mr Hayes' reputation needs no encomiums from me, but I can truthfully say that no more polished or capable bonface can be found in this wide realm, whether at resorts or in the great cities

We felt that we had been most fortunate in our selection.

XVIII

THE next morning I strayed into the barber shop of the hotel, where I enjoyed all the luxuries of a modern bath As I again sought the veranda Nett came towards me gayly, saying,

"Well! have you found out all about it?"

"About what?"

"I want to know about this island!

"O, yes," I said, "how many feet long, how many feet wide, how many horse power, the depth of the water, and the height, of the sky You'll make a queen of Harts yet, if you continue to investigate and will cultivate your memory"

She pinched my arm and tried to give me a little shake, as she answered,

"That's about it. I want to know of its formation. Is it rocky or is it sandy? can we reach any of these places on foot? are there any marshes? shall I wear my walking boots or my rubber shoes?"

"Well," I replied, "I have found out that the Island of Mackinac consists of two very distinct and widely different portions, one a high mass of secondary limestone rock rising from four to five hundred feet above the level of the lake, covered for the most part with a deep soil of decayed vegetable matter, the other, a lower terrace, which varies in width from a few feet to a mile, and is composed entirely of pebbles In no case will one see large stones or sand, nor is there a single bog or swamp on the whole surface

"A large portion of the island is held by the United States Government as a national park, and is under the efficient charge of the commandant of the fort He takes an enthusiastic interest in the protection of the many remarkable natural wonders of the island and its forest growth, while affording every proper facility for its exploration by visitors With this in view, many new roads through the woods have been made during seasons past, and former roads have been improved."

"Isn't that good news," cried Nett, "we can go riding and driving all the time, for they say there is a splendid livery stable in connection with the hotel, where they have good saddle horses and nice comfortable rigs for parties, and that the prices are quite moderate"

"We shall begin at once, shall we not?" asked Florence "I am impatient to see it all"

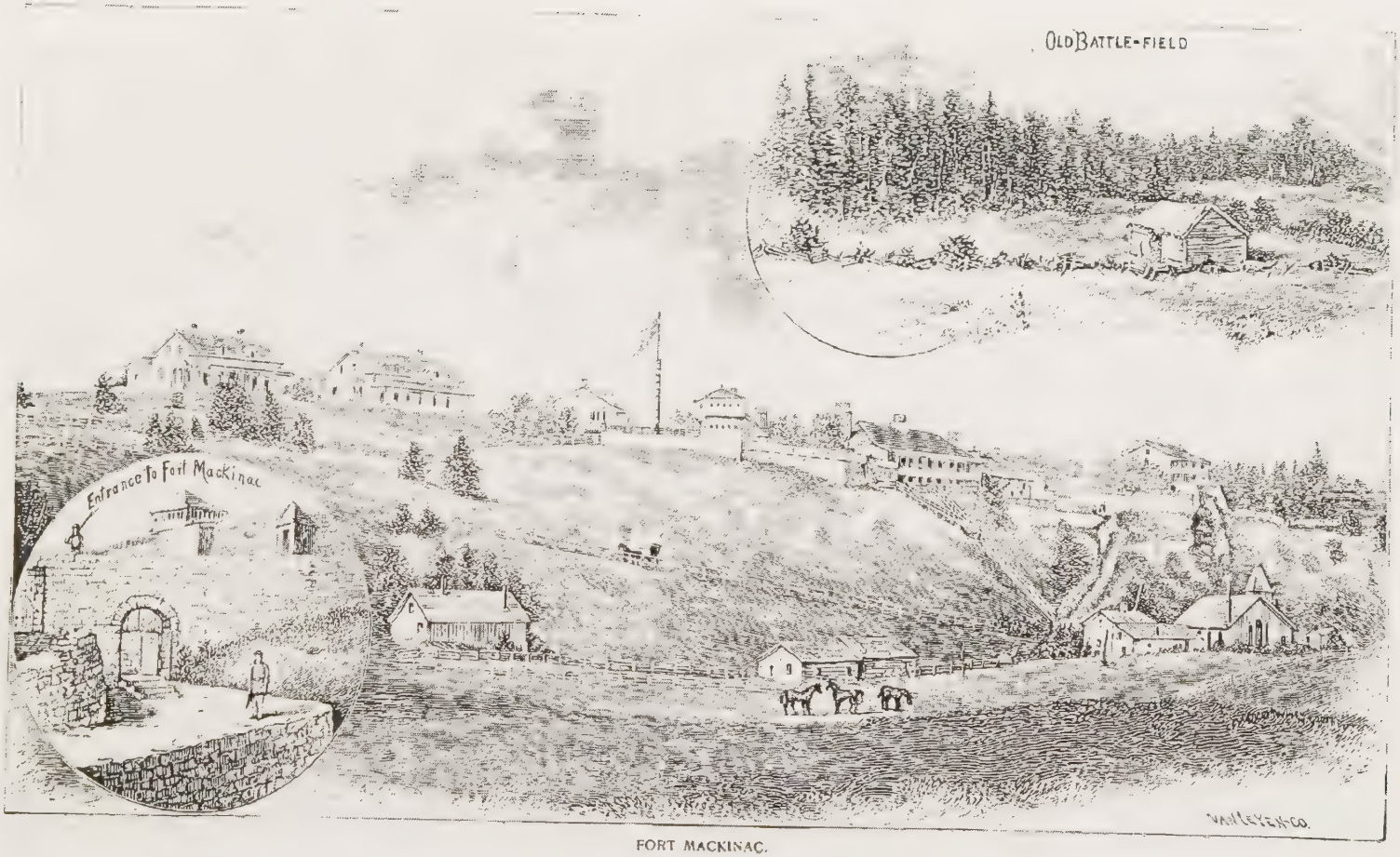
"To see it all we must have both a boat and a carriage"

"Not both at once," cried Nett, in feigned dismay

"Of course not; I can't drive and row at the same time Here, I said, producing it, "is a map I secured in the office It shows every point of interest, and there are scores of 'spots' to visit We can take this for our guide, and select our route each day."

After an examination of the map we decided to make this day's trip to the three points, Arch Rock, the Cliffs, and Robinson's Folly, because they lie on the eastern side of the island, and not very far apart

Mr Meredith joined our party, at my invitation, and we were soon bowling in an open vehicle through the most enchanting of woodland avenues



FORT MACKINAC.

[illegible] the village we made a detour in order to gain the level of the fort, which frowned down upon us from above.

Upon entering by the ancient sally port at the rear we found that even a small garrison is a perfect community in itself. Within the enclosure were the barracks of the men, and a number of spacious houses for the officers and their families. There were also, offices, magazines, a commissary or general store, and a guard house, or prison, where discipline was administered. Without, were the government stables blacksmith shop, granary, company's garden and hospital. A chapel is also provided. Were every other vestige of civilization swept from the island, the garrison at Fort Mackinac would go on the even tenor of its way without the slightest inconvenience.

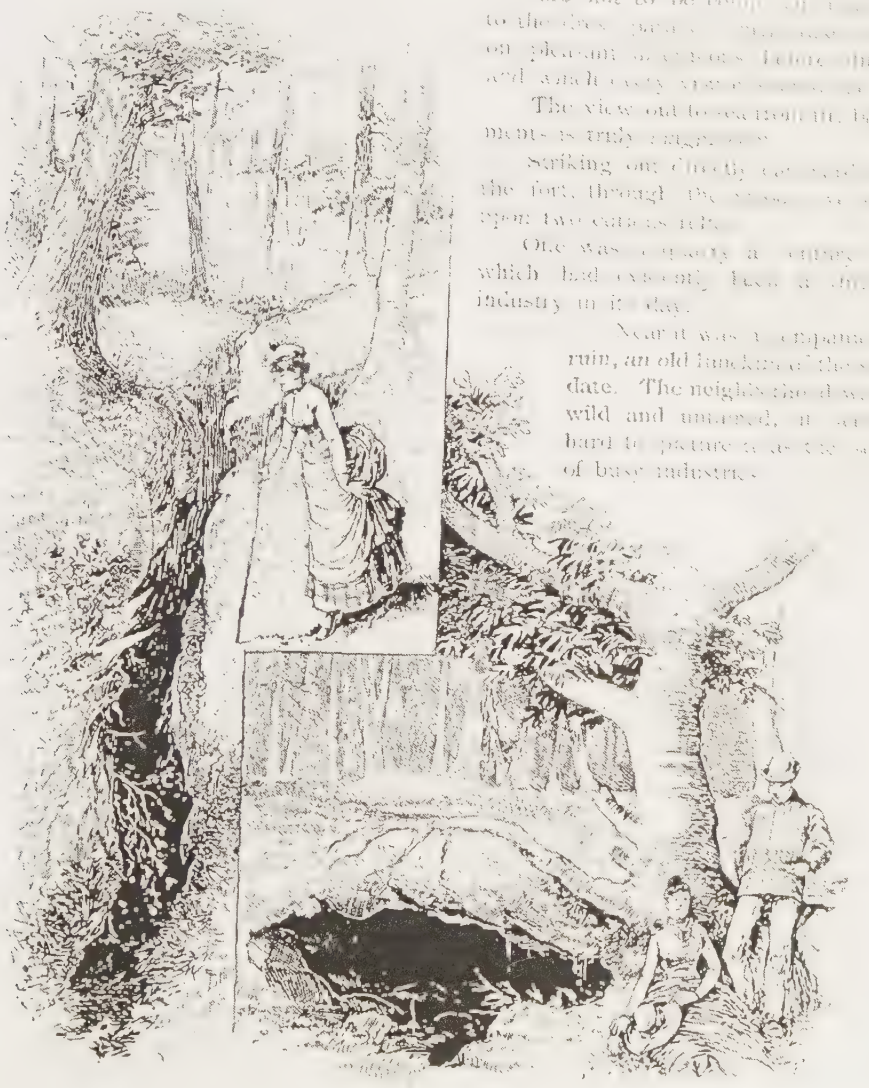
The ancient features of the fort proved fully as interesting as Mr. Young had represented, and the discipline and appearance of the troops really awakened a martial enthusiasm. The morning evolutions are not to be [illegible] to the [illegible] on pleasant occasions before [illegible] and which [illegible]

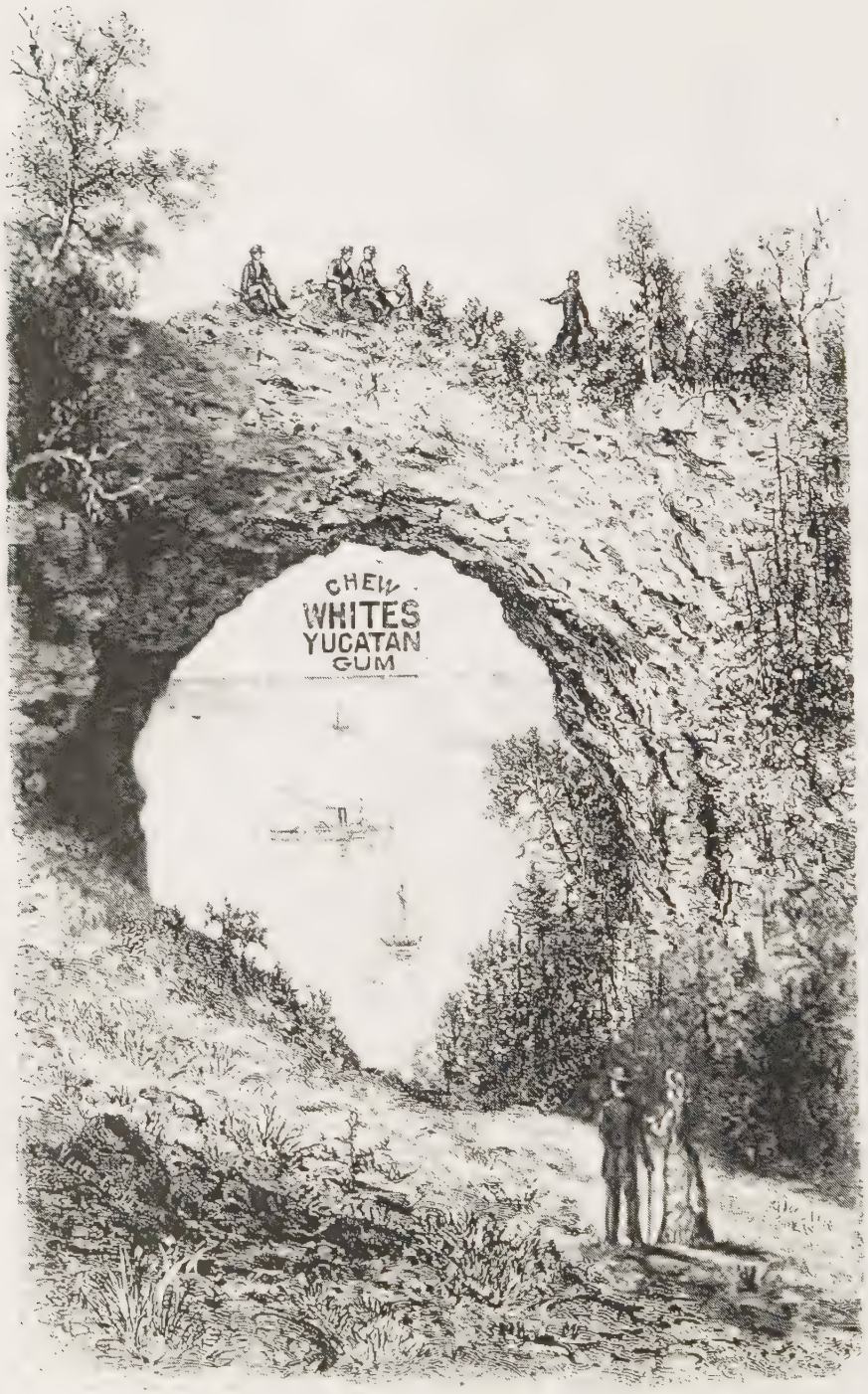
The view [illegible] ments is truly [illegible]

Striking out directly [illegible] the fort, through [illegible] upon two [illegible]

One was [illegible] which had [illegible] industry in its day.

Near it was [illegible] ruin, an old [illegible] date. The neighborhood [illegible] wild and [illegible] hard to picture [illegible] of busy industries.





ARCH ROCK, MACKINAC ISLAND.

At last, upon rounding a sharp curve, we came suddenly upon Arch Rock. Words cannot fully describe its grandeur. It is a magnificent natural arch, spanning a chasm a hundred feet in height, and forty feet in width, the opening underneath being produced by the falling of great masses of rock, which are seen lying on the beach below. A path to the right leads to the brink of the arch, the summit of which is three feet wide and one hundred and seventy-five feet above the lake. From this dizzy height a splendid view presents itself. Upon the pebbly beach below splash the waves of Lake Huron, while the broad expanse of water is dotted in the distance with green gems of island.

No amount of persuasion could induce Nett and Florence to go out upon "the bridge." They climbed to the summit of the rock, but when it came to standing on an unguarded platform but three feet in width, they would not venture.

We tore ourselves away at last, and driving southward came to the Giant' Causeway. This is a most picturesque cliff of solid rock, rising from the pebbly beach to the full height of Arch Rock, but so formed as to present the appearance of four steps of about 50 feet each. They stand out boldly, being comparatively free from underbrush and fir trees. Within the lower step is another famous natural bridge in miniature called Fairy Arch. It is only to be reached by a scramble down the precipitous bluff—and while this is all right for healthy young folks, invalids and older people must visit it by boat.

After inspecting this curiosity thoroughly we returned to the hotel for lunch, and after a short rest took another drive to the scene of the legend,

Robinson's Fall.

We found this precipice as awe-inspiring as the story had led us to expect. It was fully 200 feet high and absolutely perpendicular.

Florence gazed downward in awed silence, and then seating herself upon the large root of a tree, drew a long breath and said,

"Poor Wintemoyeh!"

"She did fall a long ways, poor thing," said Nett,

"You, sister, that is too bad. You ought to be ashamed," and little Florence looked ready to cry.

"It is so," said Mr. Meredith, assisting Florence to rise to her feet. "The beautiful story, so graphically told, and the circumstances under which it was related, really combine, you know, to make it something sacred. By George, they do."

I looked at the two in amazement. I had noticed that Mr. Meredith had a way of hovering about Florence, and had caught words that showed their subject was Mr. Young, but I did not suppose every thing he had told them was to be held in veneration.

I led the way to the carriage, keeping still until I had a chance to unbottle all this to Nett.

A delightful drive along the cliff took us past a cluster of large handsome villas, located on a portion of the National Park which is leased for that purpose. The site is unsurpassed. Rolling down a steep hill, we reached the village and drove slowly through it on the lookout for the curiosities we had heard of.

The place consisted of two streets jammed in between the fort cliff and the harbor. They were of considerable length and twisted and turned in the true style of the French provincial village.

Around the postoffice door lounged some of the ancient habitues, simon-pure residents, as it were, and milestones in the metamorphosis of the island from a frontier post to a center of civilization. Some of the village houses, of which

SUGAR LOAF ROCK, MACKINAC ISLAND.

they were the probable proprietors, were their exact counterpart. Old to the verge of dissolution (some must have reached the century mark) and leaning on some spruce young neighbor as their owners leaned against Uncle Sam's long-suffering demesnes, they added vastly to the interest and incongruity of the place, because of the decided contrast.

Some old places showed the log house construction, while others were covered by warped and twisted siding, from which the last vestige of paint had disappeared.

Some of the tall old palisade fences with which the inhabitants protected themselves from Indians were still to be seen at rare intervals.

After searching out and examining other quaint features of the village we drove to the hotel in time to dress for dinner, and afterward spent an hour or two on the veranda.

Darkness had settled on the water and we were occupying ourselves with watching the elegantly dressed women and gallant men through the open parlor windows, when suddenly Mr. Young approached us with a hearty "Good evening."

He seated himself beside Florence and Mr. Meredith immediately moved to the other side of him.

He seemed to know almost every one in the room, and pointed out to us many social celebrities.

The throng constantly increased and became a moving panorama of brilliant figures, gleaming colors and dazzling jewels.

"I had no idea society was so gay and fashionable here," said Nett.

"Nor did I expect to find so much wealth displayed," said Mr. Meredith.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Young, "there are many very wealthy people here every year. They come from both western and eastern cities. Many return year after year, preferring it to all other summer resorts."

Just then the doors of the large dining hall were thrown open and the dance music struck up.

I never could withstand the influence of a Strauss, so I drew Nett from her chair, and asking Mr. Young and Mr. Meredith to take care of Florence, we were soon in the midst of the whirling figures. I quite forgot time, for I was really intoxicated with the music, the brilliancy of the scene, and the joy of having my dear girl in my arms.

After awhile she spoke of Florence, and flushed with exercise I led her into the cool portico.

We found that Mr. Meredith had retired and Florence and Mr. Young were slowly promenading.

I was surprised at the lateness of the hour, and we all said hasty good-nights.

XIX.

THIS was a typical day. For several weeks we explored and discovered until dinner, and mingled in social pleasures at night. We found the island full of strange freaks of nature. Perhaps the most interesting was

Sugar Loaf Rock.

An immense pillar of conical shape, which is located on a plateau 150 feet above the lake, and projects 134 feet into the air. It is somewhat crystalline, and from its crevices grow a few vines and cedars. In the north side is an opening sufficient to admit several individuals. Another remarkable spot is

BRITISH LANDING, MACKINAC ISLAND.

rises the Sugar Loaf Rock like a Cleopatra's Needle.

We devoted one day to points of historical interest, starting with

Fort Holmes,

This is the highest point on the Island, but an observatory affords a further elevation, from which can be had an unobstructed view of 30 miles in almost any direction. Far into Lake Huron or Lake Michigan the eye can range, while the buildings of Cheboygan can be easily distinguished.

The memory of the savant would here busy itself with the fancied scenes of the past as he gazed about. Upon what vast and varied changes has that noble eminence looked down; from the bark canoes of three centuries ago, through the batteaux of the Canadian voyageur, and the white winged ship to the large and swarming steam vessels of to-day.

The Fort is now but a circling earthen breastwork. It is directly in the rear of Fort Mackinac, and on the road to

British Landing,

Which is an accessible beach on the opposite side of the Island, renowned because it was the landing place of the allied English, French and Indian army, when, in 1812, it defeated the United States forces. The Americans adopted the same plan in 1814, but not with equal luck. They fought unsuccessfully upon a battlefield about half way between the Landing and the Fort, which is now a part of Early's farm. On the same road are two interesting caverns.

Scott's Cave

Is under one of the huge rocks peculiar to Mackinac. Its entrance is very low, but once inside a giant might stand erect.

Sugar Loaf

Is a cave, in limestone, about thirty feet high and having a small opening at the base. The cave was formerly used by the Indians as a burial place, and from the mass of bones found there it gets its name. Here Alexander Henry was concealed for three days by his adopted Indian brother after the terrible massacre at old Mackinac in 1757.

Another morning we started along the western bluffs directly north of the hotel and entered the grounds of the Mackinac Summer Resort Association. Here is another cluster of princely summer villas. In this vicinity is the

Lover's Leap,

Of which we had heard the legend. A hazardous climb only rewarded me with a glance below which made my hair stand on end and encouraged a rather undignified scramble and slide to more comfortable footing. An interminable stairway led down to the beach, where a well-worn path pointed the way to the famous

CHIMNEY ROCK, MACKINAC ISLAND.

BATTLEGROUND.

Devil's Kitchen,

A cavernous rock of curious formation, near which is a spring of particularly clear, cold water, which proved most acceptable after our climb. Visitors have enhanced the resemblance of these rocks to a Dutch oven by building fires in their crevices. Upon reaching the cliff above, for a pathway around the beach is never even thought of at Mackinac, so wild and precipitous are its shores, we struck out by a route of nature's own, unadorned and unadulterated. Rambling along without any special direction or object, but following a sort of cleared way which may have once been a road but was now overgrown with small trees, we approached the water once more and suddenly ran across

[illegible]

This is one of those peculiarly Mackinac freaks; a tall, rocky column in the midst of the woods, springing from the level ground without a suggestion of similar material within a half mile.

[illegible]

Near British Landing, is just such another curio

LOVER'S LEAP, MACKINAC ISLAND.

AN artist who had been strolling and sketching around Mackinac for several weeks was preparing to leave.

I said to him. "You have made a careful study of this place, now, tell me, if you were asked to name its most attractive feature, what would be your reply?"

"Its sunsets," said he, promptly.

After this I watched for them, and two evenings later was treated to a most wonderful display. Just as the sunset gun at the fort roared out its daily announcement there appeared in the west a city, entire, with tapering spires, sloping roofs and far-stretching avenues. But it was a city whose walls were onyx, iridescent, glowing with intensest lights and colors. Its domes were gilded; its streets paved with precious stones. It was a city whose tints no artist ever caught, for no artist ever dared to give such *glorious force*, such gorgeous courage of color to canvas.

An angel stood poised over all, her flowing robes wafted out in graceful curves and her far-stretched opalescent wings edged with burnished silver. The fleeting character of the scene left little time to admire, however, for even as we gazed the figure had half melted into dimmer lights and other tints had lost their boldness. Staring reds had become rose-petal pinks; shining yellows changed to pale saffrons. Little boats floated off towards distant islands of eternal rest, and the pale cold blue of perfect peace covered all the west.

XXI

ONE day, as Florence came half-tripping down the porch, a gentleman, Dr. William A. Hammond, of New York, who was sitting near me, said:

"That girl has improved wonderfully. I noticed her when she first arrived and she was really an invalid."

"Indeed she was," I replied. "We had almost to carry her on board the steamer when we started from Cleveland."

"Well," said he, "I have studied Mackinac closely and believe there is no place so good in every respect for the exhausted city worker, the banker, the merchant, the professional man or his wife and children.

"Every breeze that comes to it blows over the water and parts with its surplus heat. The air is dry and bracing, the middle of the day warm for two or three hours; the nights cool and invigorating. There is not a bad smell in the island, nor a mosquito or any other kind of pestilent insect. I found this out when I was stationed here as medical officer before the civil war. I tried it last year on the strength of my recollections and am here again this season. It is a long journey from New York, but a good part of it can be accomplished on the lakes, and any discomforts of travel are amply compensated for after the Island is reached."

Mr. Hayes, our genial landlord, happened to catch the burden of this conversation.

Turning toward us, he took a note book from his side pocket and from its leaves carefully removed a newspaper cutting, which he handed to me, saying:

"Here's more testimony."

The cutting read as follows.

"Dr. W. H. Corbusier, Captain Medical Department, U. S. Army, says: 'The surroundings at Mackinac are all pleasing and restful to the senses and conducive to the maintenance of health. There is nothing favorable to

FORT HOLMES, MACKINAC.

the generation of malaria or to detract from the cheering scenes and beauty of the island, as there is so often at other beautiful places. There are no insects to irritate the skin or ruffle the temper and no odors to offend the nostrils. The climate is eminently invigorating and soothing and is adapted to such diseases and conditions as require a tonic treatment. In summer, owing to the lengthened twilights, there are more hours of sunlight than at resorts farther south and the air is purified and tempered by passing over the great lakes, from which it receives the exact degree of coolness and moisture grateful to the sensations. All the conditions are admirably suited to those who suffer from nervous prostration and the debilitating effects of long continued heat and malaria.'"

XXII.

JUST as we began to feel that we had about "done" Mackinac Island, I received a breezy letter from Mr. Harts.

It contained a map, regularly lettered, and a reference chart to correspond. He wrote as follows:

"My Dear Sir—

"You will never know how much there is in life until you have experienced the thrill of triumph in conquering a muscalonge and making him your helpless captive.

"I have wished you beside me many times during the past week and now write to beg you will not return home until you visit Les Cheneaux or Snow Islands. They are near the north shore of Lake Huron, only fourteen miles from Mackinac Island, and can be reached at any time by steamer or sail-boat. They are of all shapes and forms, two of the group, Marquette and La Salle, being of considerable size, while the others vary from one acre to mere fairy dots upon the water. The picturesque beauty of the archipelago will well repay your trouble, while the trip thereto is most delightful. The route for a time runs diagonally with the eastern shore of Mackinac, affording the best seaward view of Robinson's Folly, Arch Rock, Fairy Arch and Giant's Staircase.

"As the distance increases, these bold cliffs sink within the outline of the island, and you perceive the turtle-like appearance which gave Mackinac its name. The surface of the lake is always dotted with small craft, and the oxygen laden breeze most exhilarating. After plunging into the first channel the steamer must pick her way, by abrupt and curious windings, through labyrinths of islands and bayous for ten miles or more, and it is this network of narrow channels, with their deep pools and shady nooks, that form such splendid rendezvous for the finny tribe, and the best fishing ground in the country. Bass, perch, muscalonge, Mackinac trout, pickerel and pike, of the largest and most gamey varieties, swarm in all directions, and any angler may find sport worthy of his mettle. Trout may be caught in the streams on the adjacent mainland, and you can shoot a deer or bear and all manner of small game.

"Les Cheneaux Islands have been the camp ground of many important clubs, all of which are loud in their praises.

"I send you a map and key, showing the location of hotels, postoffices and other points of interest; also some of the best places to fish. You can find many others by experimenting.

"Z—Pike abundant. A, X, S—Splendid bass fishing. Y—Hessel P. O. Z—Bethel Home. W—Private club, fine grounds and buildings. E—General store; good camp grounds. V—Les Cheneaux Hotel; black and rock bass, pickerel and perch, fine camp ground. U—Bass and large yellow perch. G—Wisner's Point, good camp ground, empty cabin, black bass. M—Good

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF LES CHENEAUX ISLANDS

landing and camp grounds. F, G, K, M—Enclose Muscalonge Bay, splendid fishing, muscalonge, pike and bass; large, gamey, red finned yellow perch near shores. R—Haynes' sawmill and Cedarville P. O. T—Government dock. Streams shown on mainland are all good trout streams

"When you come, be fully prepared with good fishing tackle, strong, rough clothes and other essentials, that your pleasure may have no drawback. You will go back as brown as a berry and with a supply of first-water fish stories that will make you a hero among your friends at the club for months to come.

"Hoping you will not neglect the advice of a friend and thus lose one of the rarest experiences of a lifetime, I remain,

"Yours securely by hook and line,

"Jacque O. Harts."

XXIII

I SHOWED the map to Mr Hayes and he pronounced it correct and also vouched for Mr. Harts' statements

"Every one goes to Les Cheneaux," he said "I spend a week there every year myself."

"There is another longer trip in the same direction which you must take," broke in a recent acquaintance, who was standing near Mr. Hayes, "and that is a voyage up the beautiful St Mary's River to the 'Soo.' It is unlike anything else in our part of the world and is equaled only by the Hudson River"

"In what lies the charm?" I asked.

"In the variety, chiefly," was his reply "While the St Mary's is called a river, its repeated changes from a narrow entrance to a broad lake, then to a narrow, rapid river, and again to lakes, rivers and rapids, and its crooked courses around islands, which the currents have thus far failed to wash away, really defy classification. The navigable channels are narrow, shallow and crooked Boulders and shoals lie hidden just out of sight and sailors have to keep a sharp lookout Sometimes these obstructions give the appearance of and really form, a wild, tumultuous rapids, and to the unpracticed eye, an impassable barrier, but the pilot knows a way and within its limits all is safe.

"Again, a great headland blocks the course entirely and the steamer seems to be running directly towards shore, till a sharp turn brings to view a narrow opening into which she deftly steers

"The St. Mary's River connects Lakes Superior and Huron, is sixty-two miles in length and forms a boundary between the United States and Canada There are hundreds of islands in the first forty miles, so many, in fact, that the international boundary may be said scarcely to come within sight of the main shores The apparent mouth of the river is a mile wide, but its actual width is many times greater

"Among the well known camping grounds on the river are Lime Island and Sailors' Encampment, but many other attractive spots are to be seen and all are within easy reach of farms or settlements

"I took the trip last year, starting from Mackinac, by Arnold's Line, directly after breakfast and arriving at the 'Soo' in time for supper I do not know of any through lines or, in fact, any line other than this, by which you can be sure of seeing the St Mary's River by daylight This company runs a steamer in each direction every day

"The 'Soo,' or properly speaking, Sault Ste Marie" he went on, "is a very important place now It lies immediately below the entrance to Lake Superior and is the gateway of all the railroad and steamboat business of the Lake Superior country Its international railroad bridge connects two

PLUMMER'S LOOKOUT, LES CHENEAUX ISLANDS IN THE DISTANCE.

railroads running from the great northwest through the Upper Peninsula of Michigan with the Canadian Pacific Railway system, and through its famous ship canal pass all the vessels doing business between Lake Superior points and those of Lakes Huron, Michigan or Erie. It is said that the tonnage passing through this canal is double that of Suez during an equal number of days.

"The lock of the ship canal is one of the wonders of Northern Michigan It is 650 feet long and 80 feet wide, and has a lift of 18 feet The immense structure of masonry, the machinery necessary to operate its monster gates and the dynamos which light the entire lock, are perfect in every detail The unlimited water power of the rapids, which this canal is especially designed to avoid, is itself sufficiently bridled to produce the power for all the machinery. Several large vessels are passed through the lock at once, and when all of them are passenger steamers the event is quite exciting and very effective.

"The St Mary's rapids are the equal of any in the United States in grandeur and are a source of much curiosity and awe. To shoot them in an Indian canoe is the acme of delight to an adventurous person, but fraught with too much apparent danger to suit those whose nerves are not of the steadiest The experience, which lasts but a few moments, is akin to a slide down hill in swiftness, but is not too rapid to obscure the horrifying spectacle of monstrous rocks just under the surface of the water and with which the frail canoe appears in constant danger of colliding.

"In the vicinity of the rapids are several trout streams and there are also places in the river itself where the fishing is excellent. Indians or half-breeds should be employed as guides, however

"Fort Brady is another old military post of great interest to visitors"

XXIV.

MR YOUNG we never saw in daytime, but every night he appeared on the piazza or in the parlor, and invariably joined our little circle. Warm moonlight nights he and Florence promenaded. At other times they repaired to the music room, where he turned her music, sometimes accompanying her with the flute, which he played to perfection, or with a rich bass, gave tone and volume to her sweet soprano.

We frequently visited the Casino and tried our skill at billiards or bowling or the other games provided by the hotel management. The vigor with which Florence could hold up her end in the bowling alley was the admiration of our entire party and the best certificate we could have of the good quality of her recovered health Mr Young always chose her for his partner and protested vehemently that he could never wish a better.

There was no mistaking the interest he was manifesting for my little sister. Nor was it a matter of wonder, for Florence, whose beauty had always been of a rare and delicate kind, was daily adding the bloom and glow of health to her other attractions

Sometimes, when flushed with exercise, of which she was now able to take almost any amount, or, when in animated conversation, she shone out with a loveliness that was positively dazzling.

Mr. Young's preference did not escape the sharp eyes of my wise little wife She was gratified with his increasing attentions, but as her sister's guardian and only protector, her anxiety grew with equal steadiness, and broke forth repeatedly in the queries: "Who is he?" "Where does he come from?" "How does he spend his days?"

MACKINAC VILLAGE, AS SEEN FROM THE GUN PLATFORM OF THE FORT.

So far, however, I was unable to satisfy her curiosity. Night after night we looked forward to the young man's appearance. Night after night, he proved himself the same gentlemanly fellow; an entertaining talker, who conversed with ease and grace, held his own opinions firmly, but courteously, and was open and frank on all subjects but one—himself.

Mr. Meredith had said, on our arrival, that he would soon ascertain his identity and occupation. I had asked, from time to time, how he had succeeded, but he simply shook his head, and finally told me he had sufficient confidence in the young man to feel that, however or wherever his days were spent, there was nothing discreditable therein.

One morning, to our surprise, Mr. Young appeared and announcing that he was going to take a row that afternoon to Lover's Leap, begged that we would permit Florence to accompany him.

Little Bessie's mother had arrived at the Grand the week before, accompanied by her handsome, portly husband. Mr. Young had been duly introduced and lionized again and again, and quite an intimacy had sprung up.

Finding they had arranged the excursion and there was to be a numerous party, we gladly permitted Florence to join them.

As the fleet of boats disappeared around the curve of the island, little wife drew a long breath and said:

"I am not sure that I should have consented to her going without me. Mr. Young, after all, is a stranger of whom we know nothing."

Mr. Meredith, still gazing after them, said, with much spirit, "Madam, stranger, or no stranger, Mr. Young is a gentleman. If I had a son, I should wish him to be that young man's counterpart. He shows good blood, and what's more, by George, he shows the early training of a good mother. I wish every day that my stubborn, pig-headed grandson were such a man as he is."

He spoke with so much warmth that we did not contradict, but simply remarked on the very unusual fact of Mr. Young's appearance among us in daylight.

To this Mr. Meredith replied that there certainly was some mystery about the matter, for he had searched the registers of the hotel with diligence and had never found Mr. Young's name recorded.

"Have you found no Youngs?" asked my wife. "It is a common name."

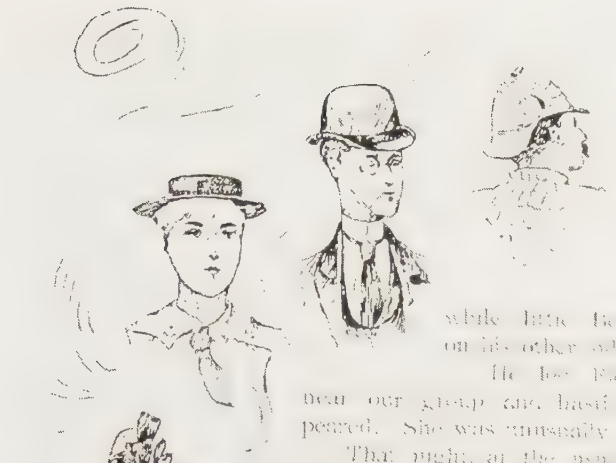
"Yes, once or twice, but not his name."

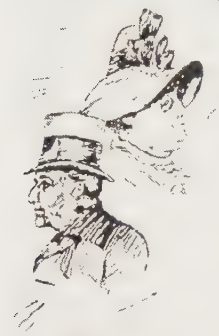
"Perhaps you have forgotten his initials."

"No, indeed. I should not be apt to do that when his name and my own are the same. Mine is H. Simpson Meredith, the 'H.' standing for Horace, while his name is Harrison Young. Nearly all the regular guests know him, having met him last summer, and they often call him Harry."

My wife was so unresponsive, and looked so troubled, that the old gentleman walked away, rather moodily, I thought.

GIANT'S STAIRCASE, MACKINAC ISLAND.





XXV.

UPON the return of the party to the hotel that evening, Mr. Meredith was discovered by Mr. Young walking on the piazza with a pretty little brunette on his other arm.

He had left [illegible] near our group and hastily excused himself, and presently returned. She was unusually leashed, bright and [illegible]

That night, at the usual hour, [illegible] in his railroad easy way dropped into the [illegible] seized the opportunity to ask some particulars [illegible] localities, and he replied:

"The Great Lake Region of Upper Michigan [illegible] uncommon and varied interest and all its attractive points are within easy reach of Mackinac Island. Many methods of travel may be called into use and all start from a common center or hub—Mackinac Island.

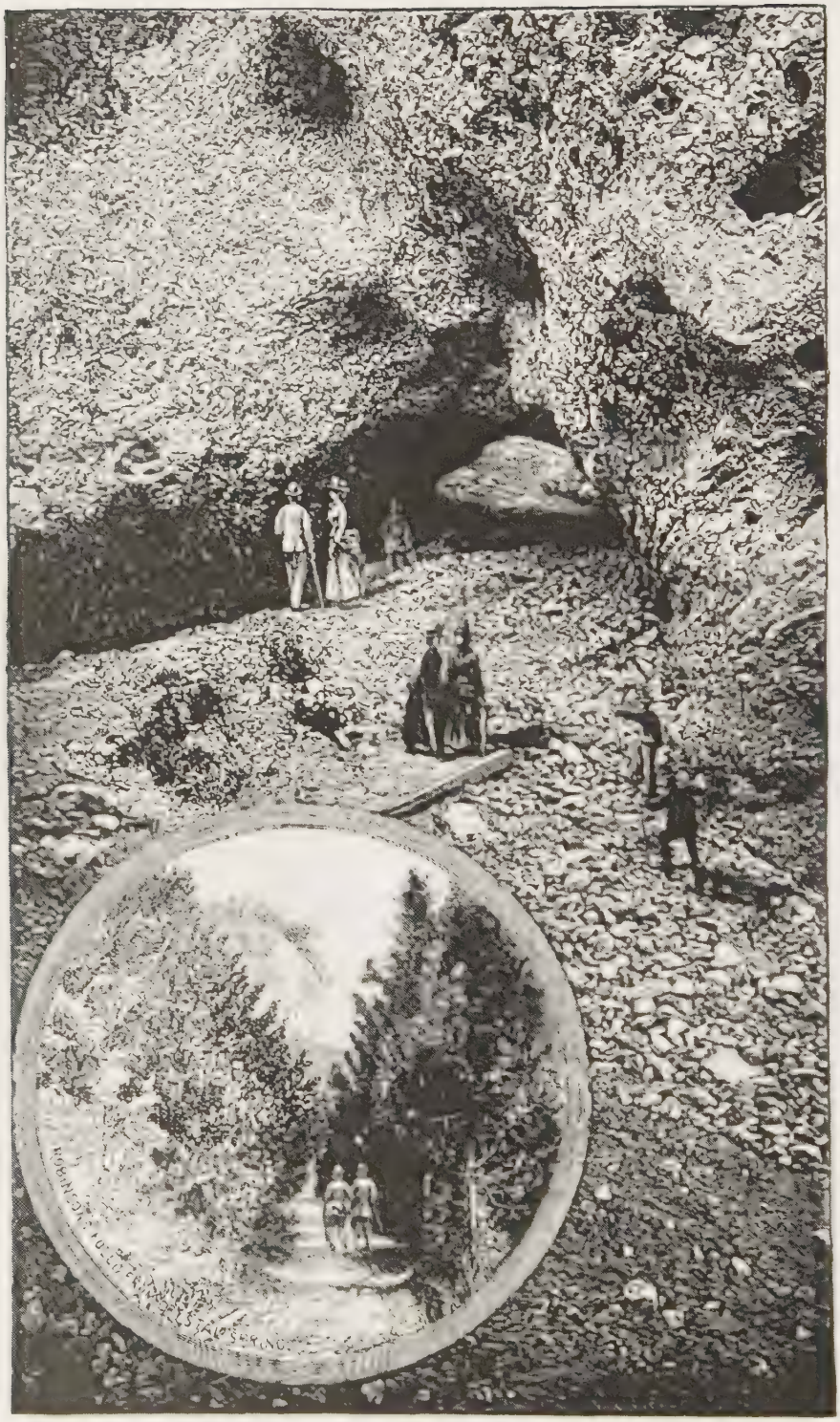
By far the most important of these secondary points is Little Traverse Bay. Here, clustering within a mile or two of each other, are Petoskey, Bay View, Wequetonsing, Roaring Brook, Harbor Springs and Harbor Point.

COTTAGE AT HARBOR BEE

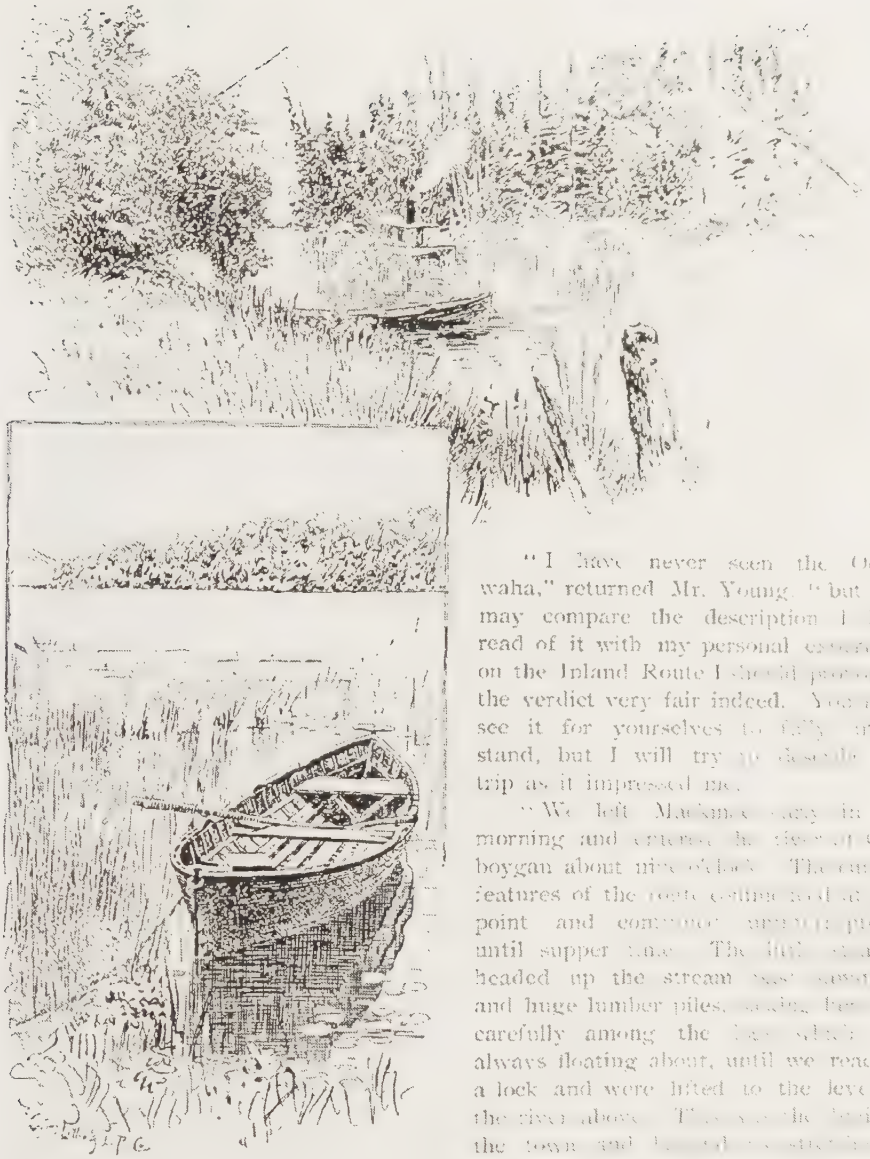
"Dummy trains and ferries, running every few minutes and at nominal rates of fare, connect these spots in a splendid brotherhood of interests and give visitors the impression of one far-reaching summer city.

"To reach this section one may take the day or night steamers [illegible] through Lake Michigan or the Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R., or better yet the famous Inland Route. I took the latter trip last summer and shall never forget the experience."

"How was that?" broke in Mr. Meredith, "tell us all about it? I have heard of that route before and they told me it was as interesting as the Ocklawaha in Florida."



MAIDEN ARCH, MACKINAC ISLAND.



"I have never seen the Ocklawaha," returned Mr. Young, "but if I may compare the description I have read of it with my personal experience on the Inland Route I should pronounce the verdict very fair indeed. You must see it for yourselves to fully understand, but I will try to describe the trip as it impressed me.

"We left Mackinac early in the morning and entered the river on the boygan about nine o'clock. The [illegible] features of the route could be had at any point and continued unchanged until supper time. The little steamer headed up the stream past [illegible] and huge lumber piles, [illegible] carefully among the [illegible] always floating about, until we reached a lock and were lifted to the level of the river above. [illegible] the town and [illegible] forest of scanty timber, through which our narrow [illegible] a very small steamer could navigate the slender [illegible] so abrupt that the speed was necessarily slow. [illegible] in the novelty of the situation and the many [illegible] being stuck in the mud. We were constantly [illegible] fear, but our pilot seemed almost indifferent [illegible] with which he had every moment to contend.

"Several miles of this kind of traveling brought us to Market Lake, a dreamy little sheet of water twelve miles long, which spread its silvery service in the midst of a delightful panorama of thickly wooded headlands and hazy hills. It is full of fish and its borders abound with game. Into it empty Pigeon, Indian

FAIRY ARCH, MACKINAW ISLAND.

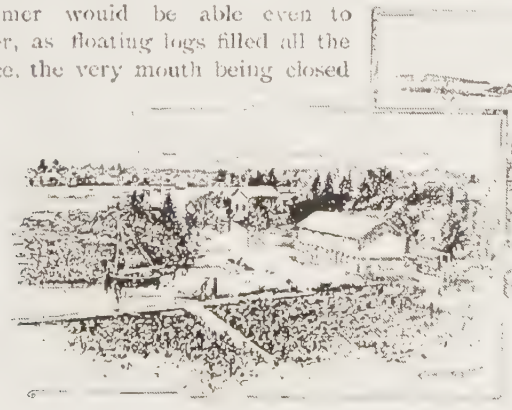
SUMMER LIFE AT PETOSKEY.

and Sturgeon Rivers. They have an excellent reputation for grayling fishing. At the farther end of the lake is Topinabee, where a stop is made for dinner.

"Soon after leaving Topinabee we entered Indian River, and after seven miles of beautiful river scenery reached Indian River Village. Five of these crooked miles, which cover all points of the compass, would make only three as the crow flies.

"At the bends in the river one could easily jump ashore from bow or stern. It seemed at times impossible to navigate so crooked a stream. The steamer went at the bank as if it meant to jump it, but a clever turn of the wheel brought us out all right.

"Fishing and shooting parties in boats, were frequently met and towed by our accommodating captain to points farther on. 'Columbus Landing,' a cluster of Indian huts and settlers' cabins, was finally passed and the steamer shot into Burt's Lake unnoticed. An odd looking steam craft seen off at a distance, proved to be a floating sawmill, which ties up to the farmer's docks and saws their lumber almost at their doors. Once across this lake, we suddenly swung in apparently for a landing, but no; it proved to be for the mouth of Crooked River narrower and more tortuous than those we had already navigated. This was the most highly interesting and novel portion of the trip. I wondered how the steamer would be able even to enter, as floating logs filled all the space, the very mouth being closed



INDIAN RIVER

PULPIT ROCK, MACKINAC ISLAND.

and spiked boots, skipped around on the logs carelessly ind[illegible] uncertain footing, and rendered us efficient aid with their pike poles. A [illegible] containing kitchen and bunks, was being floated along, to be within [illegible] for meals and shelter for the men. At the tail end of the drive a man [illegible] gathering stray logs into a raft, his boat tied astern.

"At times it seemed impossible to go further, [illegible] making ver[illegible] turns and scraping around abrupt angles, we threaded the labyrinth, bei[illegible] sometimes able to snatch branches from the shore on either side. *Bunt* would go into the bank, her stem swinging round, and off again for the shore.

"After seven miles more of this novel voyaging we entered Crooked L[illegible] famous bass territory and in a few minutes were landed in the woods at Oden.

"A dummy train took us the last eight miles of our journey. Its op[illegible] afforded a splendid view of the Little Traverse resorts and landed us in Petoskey in time for supper.

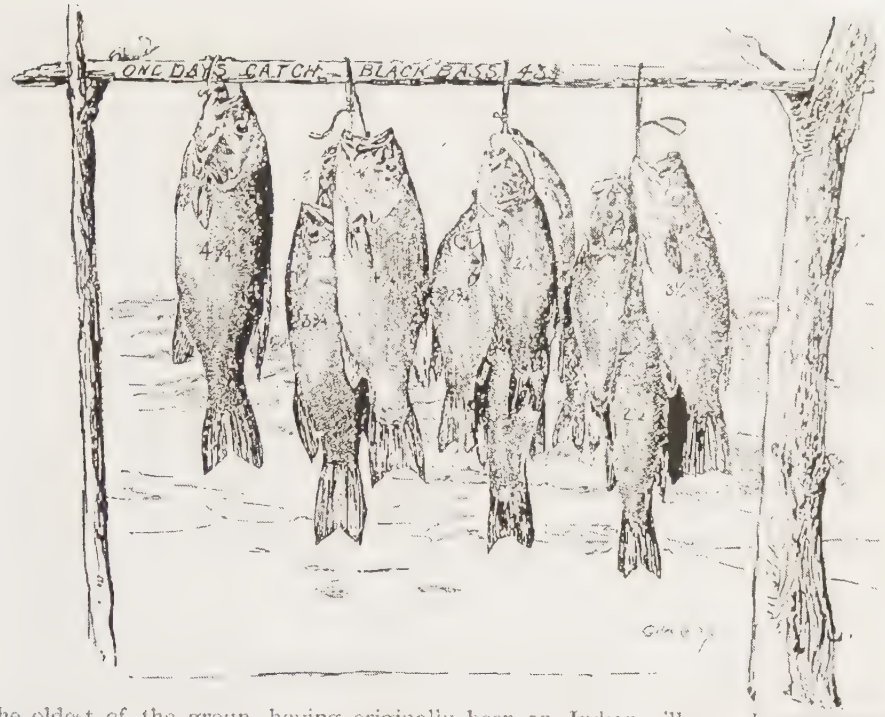
"Petoskey is most romantically situated upon a series of natural terraces which, rising to a height of 200 feet and following the semi-circular coast of Little Traverse Bay, bear a considerable resemblance to a tremendous amphitheater. As a resort it is the next most important to Mackinac Island. Having a large permanent population and being the junction of the neighboring railroad and steamboat lines, it is really the backbone of the surrounding summer villages of which I have spoken. It contains a great variety of hotels and boarding houses, large and small, shops and fancy stores, factories, newspapers, substantial business blocks, and all the other features of city life, and is visited daily by nearly all the residents of the neighboring resorts, upon one pretext or another. The town site commands the entire bay and affords all the residents a beautiful lakeward view. It extends one and one-half miles along the beach and the same distance back over the hills.

COTTAGE AT PETOSKEY.

"Bay View, the next best known of the Little Traverse resorts, adjoins Petoskey on the north. It is a well-built but exclusively summer village of over 400 cottages, besides its hotels and the buildings of the Summer University. This institution, which is responsible for the renown which Bay View has acquired, is a non-sectarian summer assembly managed on the Chautauqua plan. Its course of instruction is ample and its reputation and prosperity unequaled by any but its New York competitor. The educational season extends from the middle of July to the middle of August.

"Wequetonsing and Roaring Brook are two smaller resorts, the youngest of the circle of villages. They are run on the co-operative plan, with cottages for lodgings and a general dining-hall and hotel. They lie between Bay View and Harbor Springs, which is situated around the curve of the bay, near its northwest extremity. This place is the county seat and quite a little business center. It is

A CHARACTERISTIC DRIVE ON MACKINAC ISLAND.



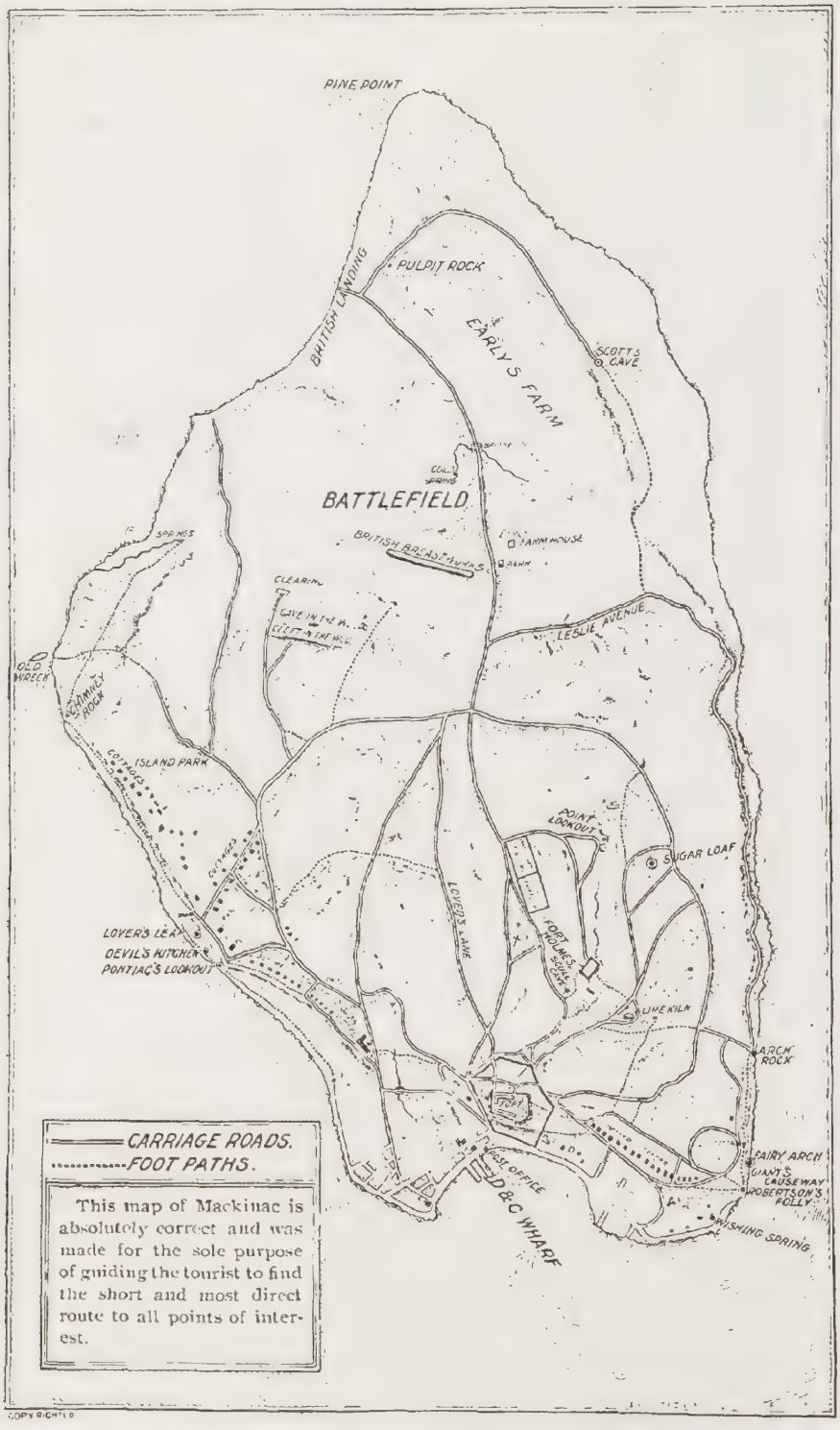
the oldest of the group, having originally been an Indian village. It possesses a perfect little harbor and some remarkably pure springs, from which the town water supply is drawn. From this the name of the place is derived. Its importance as a summer resort has long since overbalanced its business reputation, and hotels are, therefore, the principal feature. They are good sized and their services and prices very satisfactory.

"The furthermost settlement on the shores of the Bay is Harbor Point, a small but unique resort situated on a narrow strip of sand which, curving from the northern point of the bay back into its waters, forms the harbor of Harbor Springs. From the cottages above one may throw a pebble into Lake Michigan's restless billows on one side or the smooth calm waters on the other. Native forest trees give a cool shade to the Point in the hottest weather. The association maintains a central dining-hall and hotel, where the cottagers are expected to take their meals."

"Are there no other points of interest?" asked Florence.

"Oh, yes! many more. One of the most charming is Charlevoix, about sixteen miles below Petoskey on the Lake Michigan shore, and Traverse City located at the head of Grand Traverse Bay, still further down the coast. Each point is reached from Mackinac in a few hours' travel by [illegible] the steamers on Lake Michigan.

"Chicago or Milwaukee are within [illegible] the steamers which run through Lake Michigan [illegible] put in at the places I have mentioned, and others further [illegible] more time. They amply compensate for this [illegible] afforded the traveler for viewing the [illegible] The fares by all steamers excepting the Manitou are [illegible] satisfactory. The Manitou is a large new steamer which runs [illegible] accommodations and charges higher fares.


PINE POINT
PULPIT ROCK
BRITISH LANDING
EARLY'S FARM
SCOTT'S CAVE
BATTLEFIELD
BRITISH BREASTWORKS
FARM HOUSE
BARN
SPRINGS
CLEARING
CAVE IN THE W.
CLIFF IN THE W.
LESLIE AVENUE
OLD WRECK
CHIMNEY ROCK
ISLAND PARK
COTTAGES
POINT LOOKOUT
SUGAR LOAF
LOVER'S LANE
FORT HOLMES
LOVER'S LEAP
DEVIL'S KITCHEN
PONTIAC'S LOOKOUT
LIME KILN
ARCH ROCK
FAIRY ARCH
GIANT'S CAUSEWAY
ROBERTSON'S FOLLY
WHISHING SPRING
POST OFFICE
D & C WHARF
CARRIAGE ROADS.
FOOT PATHS.
This map of Mackinac is absolutely correct and was made for the sole purpose of guiding the tourist to find the short and most direct route to all points of interest.
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"I would suggest one other visit in an entirely different direction and quite near home," concluded Mr Young "St Ignace, the southernmost point of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, is located within five miles of us and is well worth inspection It was a prominent mission in the time of Father Marquette, but never amounted to much in a business way until the D , S S & A Railway was built Now it is the distributing point for vast quantities of iron ore, iron telegraph poles, ties and all the products of the rich country behind it As the terminal of the railway and many steamboat lines, its docks are teeming with life all the time The D & C steamers run over there to discharge their freight, after touching here, returning in about four hours This interval gives many excursionists, who intend going back on the same steamer, time to ride over the island and get a glimpse of its principal wonders

"The D., S S & A Railway runs westward through the Upper Peninsula, by way of Marquette and the copper regions, to Duluth Its western section is heavily wooded and abounds in small lakes and streams. Deer, bear and small game, bass, muscalonge, pike, trout, and all the other objects of the sportsman's quest, are very plentiful, because the territory is too far away to be reached by the main army of hunters and fishermen

"Marquette, the metropolis of the Upper Peninsula, is a half day's journey from here, by rail The people are very wealthy and the natural beauties of the place have been fully appreciated and taken advantage of by them The site is upon a lofty headland at the upper end of Marquette Bay and its beautiful homes, built mostly of the curious and varied products of the celebrated Lake Superior quarries, present a most charming picture to the approaching stranger, as they, in turn, command a far-reaching view out upon the most magnificent body of fresh water in the world Marquette's reputation as a summer resort is well known and its hotels and sanitariums have done much to enhance it You will undoubtedly agree with me that there is nowhere a finer specimen of a city of 10,000 souls"

XXVI

AS he paused, Miss Bessie came flying out of the parlors and reached our group almost completely out of breath

She rushed to Mr. Young and exclaimed

"What makes you stay back in that little office all day? And what makes you wear a green shade over your eyes and go in your shirt sleeves all the time?"

Every one was speechless, dumb, helplessly disconcerted and embarrassed, except Mr. Young himself

He smiled with perfect self-possession drew the child to his side, and smoothing back her wind-blown hair, asked

"How do you know that I do?"

"Brother Bob says you do, and Bob says the men in the hotel don't call you Mr Young at all"

A breathless silence was on the group. I sought my wife's eye and it was distended in horror Mr Meredith was leaning breathlessly forward Florence was deadly pale Only Mr Young was collected and easy

"And what does Bob say they call me, little chatterer?" he asked, playfully

"He says they call you Harrison Meredith"

"Ah?"

"Yes Is that your right name?" she demanded, with a child's persistence

"It is," [illegible]

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF ST. IGNACE.

I never saw a face so distorted by conflicting emotions as Mr Meredith's He struggled to speak, but could make only exclamatory efforts Finally he rose to his feet, placed his hands on his young friend's shoulders and said, chokingly

"What does it mean? Explain it! Explain it quickly! Why have you taken that name?"

"It means," said the younger man, "that my full and correct name is Harrison Young Meredith I have not passed under a false name, but under a portion of my own"

"Are you, then, my grandson?"

"I have every reason to believe that I am"

Mr Meredith beamed on him with full eyes

"I might have known it," he said, speaking softly, as if to himself—"I might have known it. I felt it all the time" Then throwing back his head and turning to the rest of the group, he added

"My friends, I have never been what the world calls a religious man, but now I can truly say, 'Mine eyes have seen the glory of the Lord'"

This was said with so much solemnity and feeling that tears sprang to all eyes.

He turned again to Mr Young and said

"How long have you known this?"

"Since you first introduced yourself to me I recognized your name as that of my grandfather"

"Why did you not tell me then?"

"Because I am working my way through college and having heard you express your views, thought it unnecessary to exasperate your feelings"

"So you are working your way through college? Why did you continue this decep—this course, after we became confidential friends, and I offered repeatedly to assist you? Could you not gratify so little your own grandfather? Is the old feud never to be forgotten? Am I never to be allowed to make reparation? And what means the green shade, sir? Explain it all"

He was growing more and more excited and when I recalled the sincere affection with which he had seemed, from their first meeting, to surround the young man, I must confess my sympathy was all with the elder

But we were not through with surprises Mr Young turned to Florence, who sat near me, and leaned over her. I heard him say:

"My darling, dare you face them all, now and here, for my sake? May I speak?"

She gave him a look that seemed to say she could dare anything for his sake, and he took her hand and drew her to his side, saying

"My friends, the green shade has been my crown, for it has been worn for this dear girl's sake You will all recall the conversation on the steamer in Lake Huron, when Mr. Meredith so roundly condemned the young men who persisted in working their way through college You may not remember the hearty words of commendation uttered at that time by Miss Florence, but I shall never forget them.

"I had admired her beauty from the first, but the spirit and decision with which she spoke, and the independent thoughts she expressed, proved a nobility of soul that was of far greater worth, and I resolved to win her, if possible

"In his frankness, Mr. Meredith had more than once revealed himself as a man of wealth I reflected that if I should make myself known, I would be looked upon as a near relative of a wealthy gentleman, and my addresses received accordingly. I determined to gain no such fictitious advantage, but to bring Florence to love me for myself alone.

BASS FISHING AT LES CHENEAUX ISLANDS.

"I have won from her dear lips the assurance that I have succeeded and she has just consented that I should announce our engagement She knows that I have worked in this hotel, as the private secretary of its proprietor, for two summers, and that in this way I have earned enough to pay my expenses at an eastern college

"She knows, too, that I have another year to go before completing my professional course, and agrees to wait, several years if need be, until I am so established as to give her all the comforts and luxuries to which she has been accustomed I here pledge myself to toil unremittingly until this is accomplished'

As he paused, we all rushed forward to congratulate them both Mr Meredith took his grandson's hands for a moment, then threw both arms around his neck and wept like a child We all found ourselves weeping to keep him company

When he had recovered a little, he said

"I never was so thankful before that the Lord has blessed me with success Now I have some use for my riches No, my boy, you have not to 'toil unremittingly,' you have no further use for a green shade By George, you shall never put it on again You cannot refuse my help now, for the law gives it to you You are my only heir-at-law If you use a trifle of my wealth now, you will be using only what will be your own at some future day

"I can understand now why I was drawn to you from the first time I saw you It was the natural tie of blood There is no need of waiting or toiling, you must accept your own"

'My mother—" began the younger man

"O yes, your mother," said Mr Meredith "I have never known your mother Another of my mistakes That I have misjudged her is easily seen for none but a good mother could have reared such a son A woman who has instilled such good principles into the heart of her child will surely have sufficient magnanimity to forgive the past God knows I have suffered enough *You*, at least, can forgive and intercede for me"

He extended his hand as he spoke, and Mr Young grasped it warmly

"Indeed, I can," was the hearty answer "It has often seemed to me that the bitterest enemies needed but to know each other better to find much that would command mutual respect and affection, and it has indeed proven so in this case I had, at first, a natural skrinking from the man who had so wronged my father and mother, but early in our acquaintance I began to discover the warm heart beneath the iron will

'I have learned, sir, to love you as a kinsman and the parent of my own father. My mother is so true to the memory of your son that her forgiveness will need to be won, but she has nothing vindictive in her composition and if you will consent to visit her with me, as soon as my season here is over, I think I can promise success and a re-united family"

"By George, sir,' exclaimed Mr Meredith, "your season is over now You have worn your green shade for the last time."

"I cannot break an honorable engagement," said Mr Young.

"An honorable fiddlesticks!" exclaimed the other, and a clashing of wills seemed imminent. "I shall see the proprietor in the morning and make my own arrangements"

We all laughed at his impetuosity, and then my little wife asked

"Since when has Florence known all this?"

"Since my arrival at Lovers' Leap this afternoon," composedly replied Florence

'And were you going to tell me?"

CAMPING AT LES CHENEAUX.

[illegible] with the irrepressible Bob close in the rear.

Of course more explanations followed; congratulations were renewed and our little Florence and Mr. Young Meredith, [illegible] quite a reception, but the happiest face in the group was Mr. Meredith's. Time flew away, we hardly knew how, until we were astonished at the lateness of the hour.

The next morning Mr. Meredith had his way. He [illegible] at once released his faithful secretary from all engagements, laughi[illegible] first-class recommendation. The romantic story spread through the [illegible] ex-secretary became the hero of the hour and more of a favori[illegible]

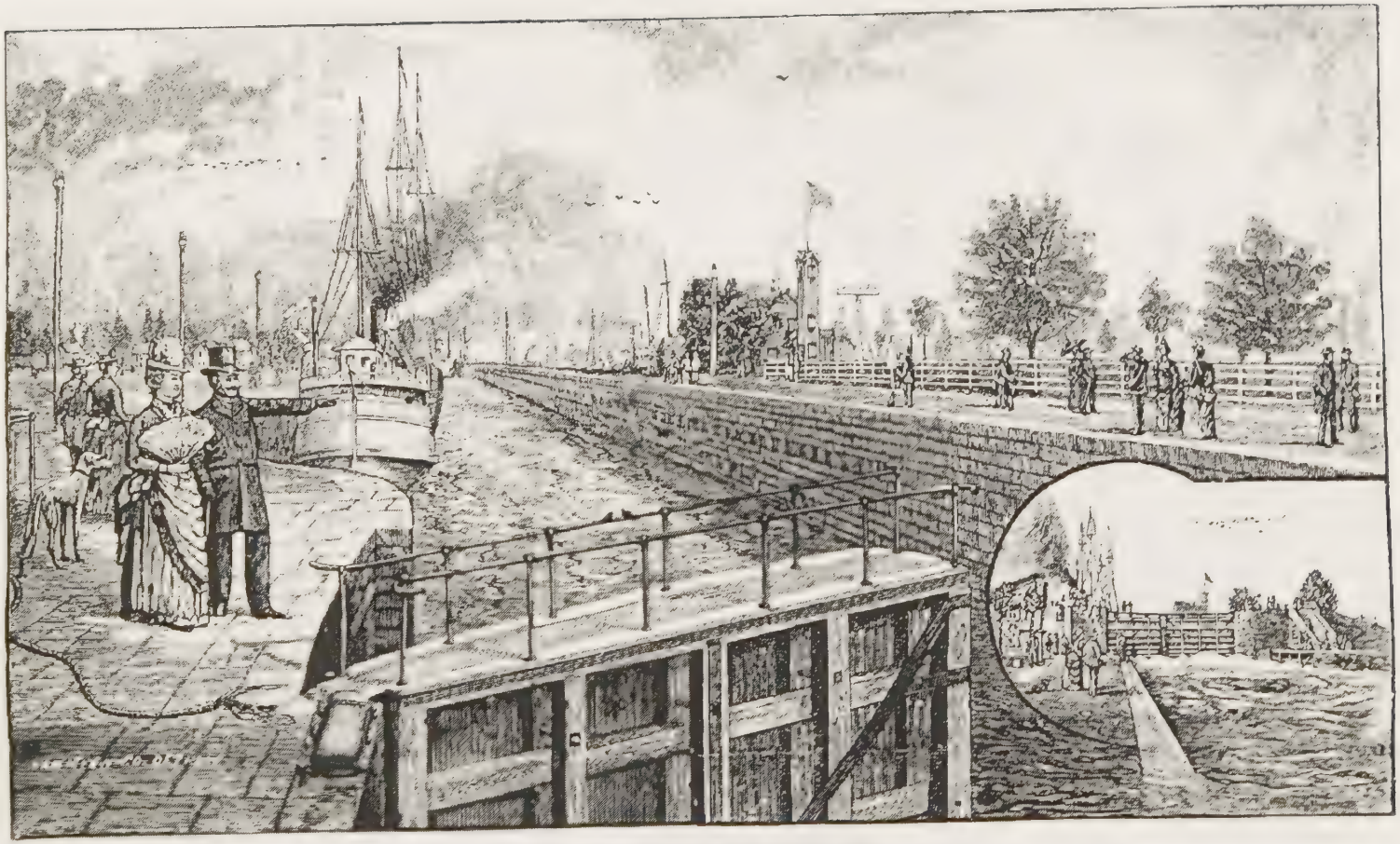
Mr. Meredith's impatience to see his daughter-in-law [illegible] make our way homeward. In the late summer, with its hi[illegible] its ripening tints and softened air, its still, hazy days, and glorious moonl[illegible] nights, Mackinac was more ravishing than ever, and we left it with reluctance.

Our trip back to Cleveland was an unbroken delight. After a day or two in Cleveland the Messrs. Meredith sped on eastward.

Our cosy home was soon established, and the rosy face of Florence beaming with happiness—especially after the arrival of the eastern mails—did brighten us and joy to what is to me an earthly Paradise.

A recent letter to my wife, from the elder Meredith, tells us of his triumph He has persuaded his daughter to preside over a home for three, and she joins him in watching with pride the progress of the object of their affections.

So faithfully is the latter applying himself, that when the roses bloom again beautiful picturesque Mackinac will receive another party of pilgrims, come to worship at her shrine. A joyous wedding will occur at Cleveland and as Mr. Meredith, the elder, insists on accompanying the bridal pa[illegible] to Mackinac there will, for the second time, be "THREE ON A TOUR."



CANAL AND LOCKS, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.

Meals and berths are not included in the fares unless especially shown. They will usually cost the same as on the D. & C. During July and August rooms on Lake Huron Division must accommodate at least two persons. Tickets are good from June 1st until Oct. 1st. When bought by hunters, they are good from Sept. 1st until Dec. 1st.

Free stop over privileges on the D. & C. are granted at Detroit, Oakland Hotel and Alpena, on the up trip only.

Special routes and rates will be furnished on application.

Mackinac Island.

		FROM CLEVELAND.	TOLEDO.	DETROIT.
ROUTE 24.		$9.00	$8.00	$7.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.			
Return same route.				

		FROM CLEVELAND.	DETROIT.
ROUTE 72.		$12.10	$9.85
D. & C.	Mackinac Island		
M. T. Co.	Mackinaw City.		
M. C. R. R.	Detroit.		
D. & C.	Starting point.		
ROUTE 73.		13.75	11.50
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.		
M. T. Co.	Mackinaw City.		
G. R. & I. R. R.	Grand Rapids.		
Any R. R.	Detroit.		
D. & C.	Starting point.		
ROUTE 9.		13.75	11.50
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.		
Any Lake Mich. Str.	Petoskey.		
C. & W. M. R. R.	Grand Rapids.		
D. L. & N. R. R.	Detroit.		
D. & C.	Starting point.		

Chicago via Mackinac.

ROUTE 9.	19.25	17.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.	
*Any Lake Michigan Steamer, except Steamer Manitou.	Chicago.	
M. C. R. R.	Detroit.	
D. & C.	Starting point.	

		FROM CLEVELAND.	TOLEDO.
ROUTE 9.		20.15	17.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.		
*Any Lake Michigan Steamer except Steamer Manitou.	Chicago.		
L. S. & M. S. R. R.	Starting point.		

		FROM CLEVELAND.	TOLEDO.	DETROIT.
ROUTE 27.		16.00	15.00	14.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.			
Express Str. Manitou, L. M. & L. S. T. Co.	Chicago.			
Return same route.				
See time tables L. M. and L. S. T. Co. and express steamer Manitou.				

Milwaukee and Chicago.

ROUTE 76		20.00	19.00	18.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.			
*Lake Mich. Strs.	Milwaukee or Chicago.			
Return same route.				
The above route includes any Lake Michigan steamer except steamer Manitou.				
See time tables of L. M. and L. S. T. Co., Northern Michigan Trans. Co.				

Petoskey.

These rates cover Bay View, Wequetonsing, Harbor Springs and Harbor Point, which may be reached from Petoskey by ferry and dummy train every hour.

		FROM CLEVELAND.	TOLEDO.	DETROIT.
ROUTE 77.		$11.00	$10.00	$9.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.			
Lake Mich. Strs.	Petoskey.			
Return same route.				
See time table of Steamer City of Grand Rapids, or Northern Mich. Trans. Co.				
ROUTE 78.		11.90	10.90	9.90
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.			
M. T. Co.	Mackinaw City.			
G. R. & I. R. R.	Petoskey.			
Return same route.				
ROUTE 43.		13.90	12.90	11.90
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.			
M. T. Co.	Mackinaw City.			
G. R. & I. R. R.	Petoskey.			
G. R. & I. R. R.	Mackinaw City.			
M. T. Co.	Mackinac Island.			
Arnold's Line.	Sault Ste. Marie.			
Arnold's Line.	Mackinac Island.			
D. & C.	Starting point.			
ROUTE 42.		14.80	13.80	12.80
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.			
Inland Route.	Petoskey.			
Lake or Rail.	Mackinac Island.			
Arnold's Line.	Sault Ste. Marie.			
Arnold's Line.	Mackinac Island.			
D. & C.	Starting point.			
ROUTE 44.		12.50	11.50	10.50
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.			
Inland Route.	Petoskey.			
G. R. & I. R. R.	Mackinaw City.			
M. T. Co.	Mackinac Island.			
D. & C.	Starting point.			
ROUTE 83.		12.50	11.50	10.50
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.			
Inland Route.	Petoskey.			
Return same route.				

Oden-Oden.

ROUTE 83.		12.00	11.00	10.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.			
Inland Route.	Oden-Oden.			
Return same route.				
See time table of Inland Route Steamers.				

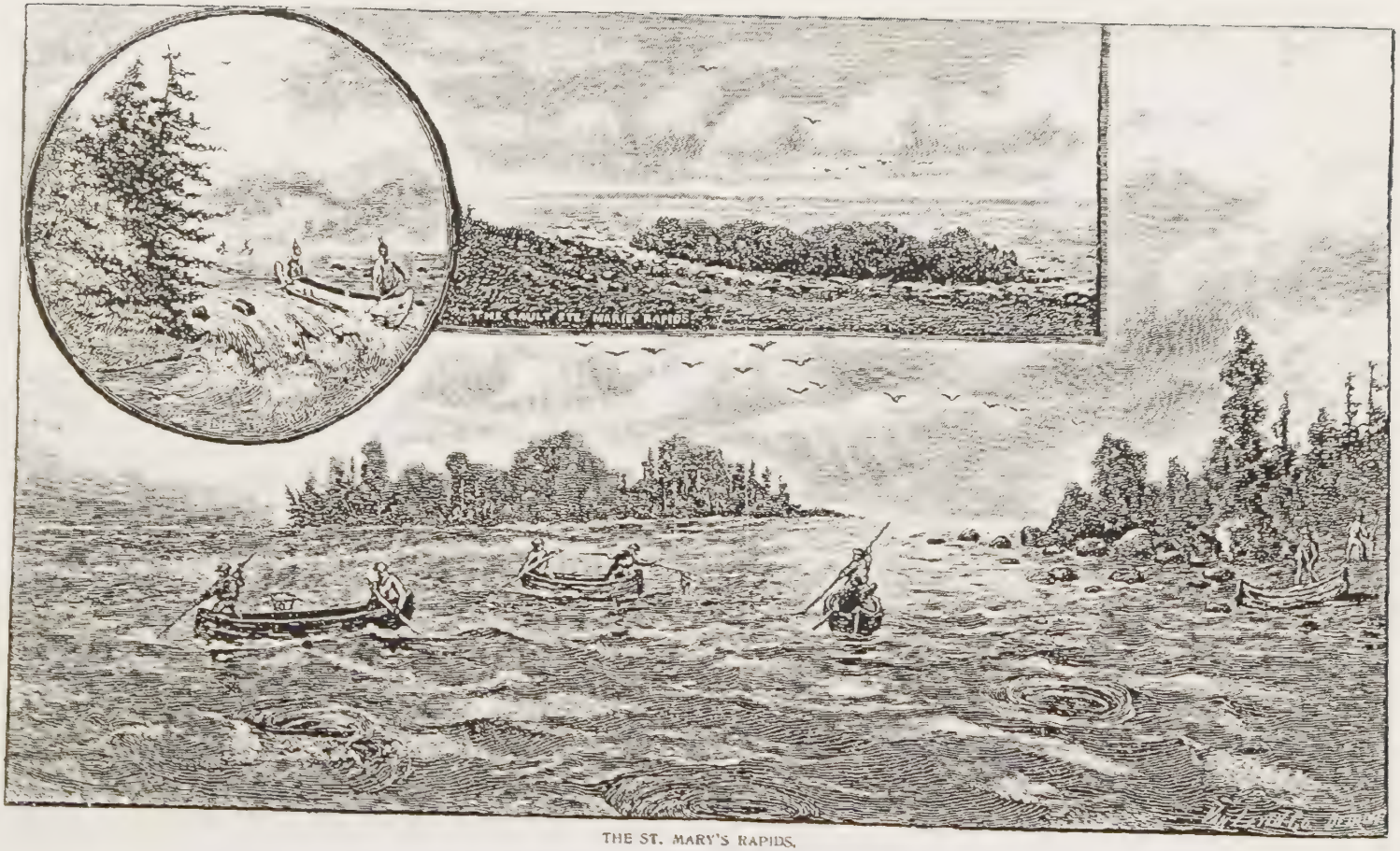
Charlevoix.

ROUTE 77.		11.40	10.40	9.40
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.			
Lake Mich. Steamer.	Charlevoix.			
Return same route.				

Traverse City.

ROUTE 77.		14.00	13.00	12.00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.			
Lake Mich. Steamer.	Traverse City.			
Return same route.				
See time table of Steamer City of Grand Rapids, and Northern Mich. Trans. Co.				

*Meals and Berths included beyond Mackinac.



THE ST. MARY'S RAPIDS.

Duluth.

	FROM CLEVELAND	FROM TOLEDO	FROM DETROIT
ROUTE 36	$34 00	$33 00	$32 00
D & C	Mackinac Island.		
**L. M. & L. S. T. Co. or			
**Anchor Line	Duluth.		
Return same route			

Duluth.

ROUTE 35.	33 00	32 00	31 00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island.		
Arnold Line.	Sault St. Marie		
**Any Lake Sup. Str. (Except Nor. S. S. Co.)	Destination		
Return same route			
ROUTE 9.	30 00	29 00	28 00
D & C	Mackinac Island.		
Arnold Line	Sault Ste. Marie.		
**Northwest Trans. Co.	Duluth		
**L. M. & L. S. T. Co. or			
**Anchor Line	Sault Ste. Marie		
Arnold Line	Mackinac Island.		
D & C	Starting point		
See time tables of Lake Superior Steamers			

Canadian Pacific and Great Northern Trans Co. and Northwest Trans. Co.

ROUTE 55			
Collingwood -	23.00	22.00	21 00
Owen Sound -	27.00	27 00	27 00
Port Arthur -	29 00	28.00	27 00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island		
Arnold's Line	Sault Ste. Marie		
**Any Steamer to Destination			
Return same route			
See time tables C. P. R. Str., G. N. T. Co. and N. W. T. Co.			

Lake Michigan Points.

ROUTE 77			
Petoskey - -	11 00	10.00	9 00
Harbor Springs	11.00	10.00	9 00
Charlevoix - -	11 50	10.50	9 50
Traverse City -	14.00	13 00	12.00
Northport -	13 50	12.50	11 50
Elk Rapids -	13 50	12 50	11 50
Frankfort -	16.50	15.50	14 50
D. & C.	Mackinac Island		
Lake Mich. Strs.	Destination.		
Return same route			
See time tables of Steamer City of Grand Rapids and Northern Michigan Trans. Co.			

Inland Route Rates.

ROUTE 83			
Topinabee - -	$11 00	$10 00	$9 00
Indian River	11 00	10 00	9 00
Sagers - - -	11 50	10 50	9 50
Alanson - -	11 50	10 50	9 50
Oden - - -	12.00	11 00	10 00
Petoskey - -	12 50	11 50	10 50
D & C	Mackinac		
I. N. Co.	Destination		
Return same route			
See time table Inland Route Steamers			

Lake Superior Points

ROUTE 35			
Marquette - -	29.00	19 00	18.00
Houghton -	26 00	25 00	24 00
Hancock - -	26 00	25.00	24 00
Ashland - -	32 00	31 00	30 00
Bayfield - -	32.00	31 00	30 00
Duluth - -	33.00	32 00	31 00
D & C	Mackinac Island		
Arnold's Line	Sault Ste. Marie		
**L. M. & L. S. T. Co. or			
**Anchor Line	Destination		
Return same route			

Lake Superior Points—Continued.

	FROM CLEVELAND	FROM TOLEDO	FROM DETROIT
ROUTE 36			
Marquette - -	$21 00	$ [illegible]	$19 00
Houghton -	27 00	26 00	25 00
Hancock	27 00	26 00	25 00
Ashland -	33 00	32 00	31 00
Bayfield - -	33 00	32 00	31 00
Duluth - -	34 [illegible]	33 00	32 00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island		
**L. M. & L. S. T. Co. or			
**Anchor Line	Destination		
Return same route			

D. S. S. & A. R. R. Points.

ROUTE 61			
Sault Ste. Marie -	12 50	11.50	10 50
Marquette -	18 50	17 50	16 50
Houghton - -	24 70	23 70	22 70
Gogebic - -	27 00	26 00	25 00
Ashland - -	27 00	26 00	25 00
Duluth - -	27 00	26 00	25 00
D. & C.	Mackinac Island or St. Ignace		
D. S. S. & A. R. R.	Destination		
Return same route	See time table		

M. S. P. & S. S. M. R. R. Points.

ROUTE 63			
Manistique -	11 25	10 75	9 75
Gladstone - -	14 05	13 55	12 55
Escanaba - -	15 10	14 60	13 60
Pembine - -	17 40	16 90	15 90
Rheinlander -	21 90	21 40	20 40
D & C	Mackinac Island		
D. S. S. & A. R.	Front Lake		
M. S. & P. S. S. Co.	Destination		
Return same route			

D. & C. Local Points.

	ROUTE LOCAL.		
St. Clair Flats, Algonac, Oakland, Marine City, St. Clair, Port Huron -	5 50	3 00	[illegible]
Sand Beach - - -	6 50	5 00	3 50
Oscoda - - - -	6 50	6 00	4 50
Alpena - - - -	7.00	7 00	5 50
Cheboygan - - -	8.00	8 00	7 00
Mackinac Island - -	9 00	8 00	7 00
St. Ignace - - -	8.00	8 00	7 00
Route by D. & C. both ways			

	Single	Round
Between Detroit and Cleveland	2 25	
" " Toledo	1 00	1 50
" Cleveland and Put-in-Bay	1 00	1 50

Single Trip Tourist Tickets.

FROM	ROUTE			
Mackinac - -	L	5.50	5.00	4 00
Petoskey -	77	7 00	6 50	5 50
Petoskey - -	83	7 75	7 25	6 25
Petoskey -	78	7 75	6 55	5 55
Sault Ste. Marie	61	8 35	7 85	6 85
" " "	47	6 50	6 00	5 00
*Milwaukee -	76	11.50	11 00	10.00
*Chicago - -	76	11 50	11 00	10 00
Chicago -	27	9 50	9 00	8 00
Charlevoix -	77	7 50	7 00	6 00
Marquette -	61	11.50	11 00	10 00
*Marquette -	35	11 50	11 00	10 00
**Marquette -	36	12 00	11 50	10 50
Duluth - -	61	20.50	20 00	19 00
*Duluth - -	36	20 00	19 50	18 50
**Duluth - -	35	19 50	19 00	18 00
**Duluth - -	81	16 00	15 50	14 50
*Manistique -	77	8 50	8 00	7 00
*Escanaba - -	77	10 50	10 00	9 00
*Menominee -	77	11 00	10 50	9.50
*Green Bay -	77	11 50	11.00	10.00
Oden-Oden -	[illegible]	7 50	7.00	6 00

Sault Ste. Marie.

	FROM CLEVELAND	TOLEDO	DETROIT
ROUTE 47.	$11 00	$10.00	$9 00
D & C	Mackinac Island.		
Arnold's Line	Sault Ste Marie		
Return same route			
ROUTE 61.	12 50	11.50	10 50
D & C	Mackinac Island		
D S S & A R R	Sault Ste. Marie		
Return same route			

	FROM CLEVELAND	DETROIT
ROUTE 79.	$12 50	$10.00
D & C.	Mackinac Island	
Arnold's Line	Sault Ste Marie	
Northern Steamship Co.	Starting point.	
ROUTE 35.	14 50	12 50
D & C.	Mackinac Island	
Arnold Line	Sault Ste Marie	
**Anchor Line.	Starting point	

Green Bay

ROUTE 77	$20 00	$19.00	$18 00
D & C	Mackinac Island		
*Hart Steamers.	Green Bay		
Return same route			

Menominee.

ROUTE 77	19.00	18 00	17.00
D & C.	Mackinac Island		
*Hart Steamers.	Menominee		
Return same route			

Escanaba, or Gladstone.

ROUTE 77.	18 00	17 00	16 00
D & C.	Mackinac Island		
*Hart Steamers	Escanaba or Gladstone		
Return same route			

Manistique.

ROUTE 77.	14 00	13 00	12 00
D. & C	Mackinac Island		
*Hart Steamers	Manistique		
Return same route			

Les Cheneaux.

ROUTE 77	10 50	9 50	8 50
D & C.	Mackinac Island		
Arnold Steamers.	Les Cheneaux		
Return same route.			

Marquette.

ROUTE 35	20 00	19 00	18.00
D & C	Mackinac Island		
Arnold's Line	Sault Ste Marie		
**L M & L S Trans or			
**Anchor Line	Destination		
Return same route			

Marquette.

ROUTE 36	21.00	20.00	19.00
D. & C	Mackinac Island.		
*L M & L S T Co. or			
*Anchor Line.	Destination.		
Return same route			

*Meals and Berths included beyond Mackinac

Duluth.

VIA ST PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS.

	FROM CLEVELAND	TOLEDO	DETROIT.
ROUTE 38.	$39 20	$37.20	$35.95
D. & C	Mackinac Island.		
Arnold's Line	Sault Ste. Marie.		
**L. M & L S. T. Co. or			
**Anchor Line.	Duluth		
Any R R.	St Paul		
Any R R.	Chicago		
M C R R.	Detroit		
D. & C	Starting point.		

The above route terminating at Chicago will be furnished for $40 50 from Cleveland, $30 00 from Toledo and $29 00 from Detroit

☞NOTICE—The above route 38 will be $2 00 less, transportation only, if passengers desire to go via Northern Steamship Co from Sault Ste. Marie to Duluth

ROUTE 9	39 70	37 70	36 45
D. & C	Mackinac Island.		
*L M & L S T Co. or			
*Anchor Line.	Duluth		
Any R R.	St Paul		
Any R R.	Chicago		
M. C. R. R.	Detroit		
D & C	Starting point.		

The above route terminating at Chicago will be furnished for $31 00 from Cleveland, $30 50 from Toledo and $30 00 from Detroit

☞NOTICE—The above route 9 will be $2 00 less, transportation only, if passengers desire to go via Northern Steamship Co. from Mackinac Island to Duluth

ROUTE 9	35.70	33 70	32.45
D & C.	Mackinac Island.		
Arnold's Line.	Sault Ste. Marie		
M S P & S S M.	Minneapolis & St. Paul.		
Any R. R.	Chicago		
Any R. R.	Detroit		
D & C.	Starting point		
ROUTE 9	35.70	33 70	32 45
D. & C	Mackinac Island		
D. S S & A.	Duluth		
Any R R.	St Paul		
Any R R	Chicago		
Any R R.	Detroit		
D & C.	Starting point		

The above route terminating at Chicago will be sold for $36 50 from Cleveland, from Toledo $36 00 and $25.50 from Detroit.

Duluth

NORTHERN STEAMSHIP CO

ROUTE 81.	25 50	24.50	23.50
D & C.	Mackinac Island		
Nor. S S. Co.	Duluth		
Return same route			
ROUTE 79	25.00	24 00	23 00
D & C.	Mackinac Island.		
Arnold Line.	Sault Ste. Marie.		
Nor S. S. Co	Duluth		
Return same route.			

Minneapolis and St. Paul.

ROUTE 61.	29 00	28 00	27 00
D. & C	Mackinac or St. Ignace		
D. S S & A. Ry	Duluth		
Any R R	St Paul or Minneapolis		
Returning same route			
ROUTE 63.	29 00	28.00	27 00
D & C	Mackinac or St Ignace		
D S S. & A.	Trout Lake		
M. S P & S. S. M	St Paul or Minneapolis		
Return same route.			

**Meals and Berths included beyond Sault Ste. Marie.

Time Tables of Northern Connections.

The time of connecting lines is shown only for the convenience of the public. This Company will not be responsible for errors or changes that may occur.

Lake Michigan and Lake Superior Trans. Co.

(THROUGH STEAMERS FROM LAKE SUPERIOR.)
(LAKE MICHIGAN.)

Mackinac ..Lv. Mon. and Fri., 7:00 P. M.
Milwaukee..Ar. Tues. and Sat., 10:00 P. M.
Chicago....Ar. Wed. and Sun., 6:00 A. M.

Privilege reserved to route Milwaukee passengers via Chicago and transfer by steamer free of charge.
(Subject to change.)

Express Steamer Manitou.

(LAKE MICHIGAN.)

Mackinac..Lv. Sun., 9:45 A. M., Tues., 2:00 P. M., Thurs., 6:15 P. M.

Steamer Manitou stops at Harbor Springs and connects closely with annex steamer for Petoskey.
(Subject to change.)

Northern Michigan Trans. Co.

(LAKE MICHIGAN.)

Mackinac...Lv. Mon. 8:30 P. M., Fri. 8:30 A. M.
Petoskey...Ar. Tues. 8:00 A. M., Fri. 1:30 P. M.
Charlevoix.. " Tues. 10:00 A. M., Fri. 3:30 P. M.
Manistee... " Tues. 7:30 P. M., Fri. 11:30 P. M.
Chicago ... " Wed. 11:00 A. M., Sat. 3:00 P. M.
(Subject to change.)

Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R.

(FERRY FROM MACKINAC ISLAND.)

Mackinac. Lv. Daily (Except Sunday)—
9:00 A. M., 1:30 and 9:30 P. M.
Petoskey. Ar. Daily (Except Sunday)—
10:12 A. M., 2:45 and 11:06 P. M.
(Subject to change.)

Les Cheneaux Islands, Arnold Line Steamers.

Mackinac Lv. Daily, 9:00 A. M., 2:30 P. M.
Les Cheneaux Ar. Daily, 10:30 A. M., 3:45 P. M.
(Subject to change.)

Inland Route.

(FROM MACKINAC ISLAND.)

Mackinac	Lv.	Daily	7:30 A. M.
Cheboygan	"	"	10:30 A. M.
Topinabee	Ar.	"	12:30 P. M.
"	Lv.	"	1:30 P. M.
Indian River	"	"	2:30 P. M.
Sagers	"	"	3:15 P. M.
Alanson	"	"	4:45 P. M.
Oden-Oden	"	"	5:30 P. M.
Petoskey	Ar.	"	6:30 P. M.

(Subject to change.)

Steamer City of Grand Rapids.

(LAKE MICHIGAN.)

Mackinac Lv. Mon. and Wed., 7:30 A. M.
For Harbor Springs, Petoskey, Charlevoix, Cross Village, Northwood, Northport and Traverse City.
NOTICE—Leave Mackinac Thurs. and Sat. 3:00 P. M. For Petoskey and Harbor Springs only, connecting with steamer for Charlevoix.
(Subject to change.)

Hart Steamship Co.

(LAKE MICHIGAN.)

Mackinac Lv.—
Tues. 8:00 A. M., Thurs. and Sat. 1:00 P. M.
Manistique. Ar. Tues., Thurs. and Sat. 9:00 P. M.
Escanaba... " Wed., Fri. and Sun. 7:00 A. M.
Menominee. " Wed., Fri. and Sun. 5:00 P. M.
Marinette.. " Wed., Fri. and Sun. 6:00 P. M.
Green Bay. " Thur., Sat. and Mon. 3:00 A. M.
(Subject to change.)

Arnold Line Steamers.

(SAULT STE. MARIE.)

Mackinac	Lv.	Daily, Except Sunday.	9:00 A. M.
Detour	"		12:00 Noon.
Lime Island	"		1:15 P. M.
Sailors' Encampment	"		2:15 P. M.
Sault Ste. Marie	Ar.		5:00 P. M.

(Subject to change.)

Northern Steamship Co.

(LAKE SUPERIOR.)

Mackinac	Lv. Thurs. and Sun.	9:00 P. M.
Sault Ste. Marie	" "	4:00 P. M.
Duluth	Ar. Fri. and Mon.	12:00 M.

(Subject to change.)

Lake Michigan & Lake Superior Trans. Co.

(LAKE SUPERIOR.)

Mackinac	Lv.	Sun. and Thurs.	7:00 P. M.
Sault Ste. Marie	"	Mon. and Fri.	8:00 A. M.
Marquette	"	Tues. and Sat.	5:00 A. M.
Houghton	"	Tues. and Sat.	11:30 P. M.
Hancock	"	Tues. and Sat.	11:30 P. M.
Duluth	Ar.	Wed. and Sun.	5:00 P. M.

(Subject to change.)

Erie & Western Trans. Co.

(LAKE SUPERIOR.)

Mackinac—Leave for Sault Ste. Marie, Marquette, Portage Lake, Bayfield, Duluth. Date of Sailings:
June 6, 9, 16, 20, 23, 30.
July 4, 7, 14, 18, 21, 28.
Aug. 1, 4, 11, 15, 18, 25, 29
Sept. 1, 8, 12, 15. (Subject to change.)

Canadian Pacific Steamers.

(LAKE SUPERIOR—CANADIAN SHORE.)

Sault Ste. Marie...Lv. Tues. and Fri. 10:00 A. M.
Ft. William.....Ar. Wed. and Sat. 10:00 A. M.
Sault Ste. Marie...Lv. Mon. and Fri. 6:00 A. M.
Owen Sound.....Ar. Tues. and Sat. 6:00 A. M.
(Subject to change.)

Northwest Trans. Co.

(LAKE SUPERIOR—CANADIAN SHORE.)
Ask Ticket Agents for
Northwest Trans. Co Time Card.

Great Northern Trans. Co.

(GEORGIAN BAY—CANADIAN SHORE.)

Sault Ste. Marie Lv. Tues., Thurs. & Sat., 4:00 P. M. For Collingwood, Meaford, Owen Sound, and intermediate ports.

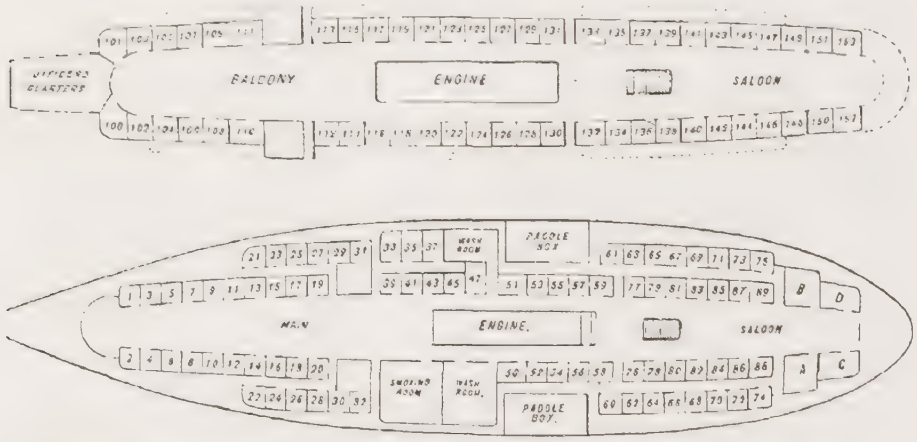
During July and August steamers leave Mackinac Island for the above ports Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday, at 11:00 P. M. (Subject to change.)

D., S. S. & A. Ry., and M., St. P. & S S. M. Ry.

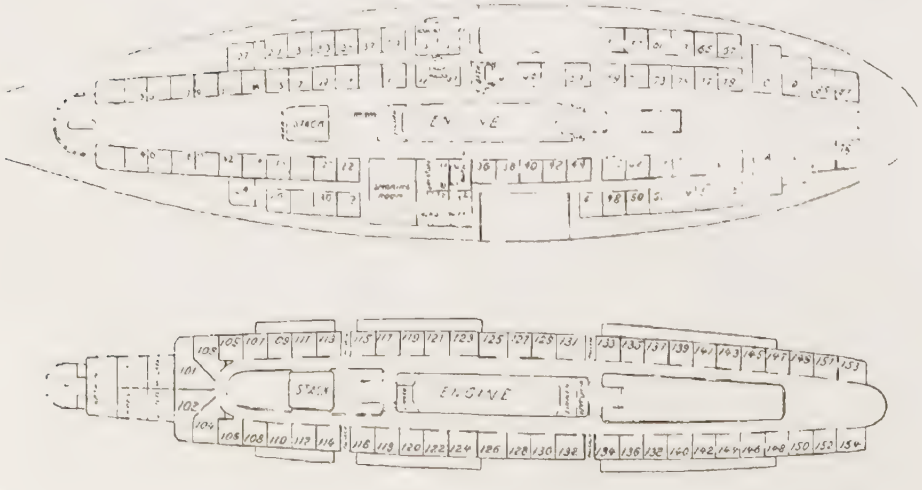
D. & C. S. N. Co. Steamers connect at St. Ignace for Duluth, St. Paul and all points in Northern Michigan, Wisconsin, and to Northwest points.

Cabin Diagrams of all Steamers.

STATEROOMS for any date may be secured at the local offices at Cleveland or Detroit. Address D. C. McIntyre, Dist. Pass. Agt., Cleveland; A. A. Schantz, Gen. Pass. Agt., Detroit; Wm. Gates, Boody House, or F. N. Quale, Wharf Agent, Toledo, Ohio. During July and August, rooms on Lake Huron steamers must accomodate at least two persons. Price of rooms covers the trip on each steamer, whether for one or two nights: Upper berths, $1.00; lower berths, $1.50; whole stateroom, $2.50; parlors, $5.00. Please bear in mind that each stateroom is arranged for two or three persons, therefore it is important to state whether accommodation is desired for lady, gentleman, or family, that all may be properly located.



GALLERY AND GRAND SALOON—STEAMERS CITY OF CLEVELAND AND CITY OF DETROIT (NEW).



GALLERY AND GRAND SALOON—STEAMERS CITY OF ALPENA (NEW) AND CITY OF MACKINAC (NEW).

RD 151

OUR HOTEL LIST.

		Rates per day.	Capacity.
Alpena	Churchill	$2 50	200
"	Goling	2 00	75
"	Alpena House	1 50	50
Bay View	Bay View	2 00	100
"	Woodland Avenue	2 00	100
Cheboygan	Grand Central	2 00	75
"	Mich. Exchange	2 00	75
"	Spencer	2 00	50
Harbor Springs	Kensington	2 00	200
Harbor Point	Resort	2 00	200
Les Cheneaux	The Elliott	2 00	50
"	Les Cheneaux	2 00 to 2 50	100
"	The Islington	2 00 to 3 00	200
Mackinac Island	Grand Hotel	3 00	500
"	Astor	2 00 to 3 00	200
"	Island	2 00 to 3 00	100
"	Mission	2 00 to 3 00	100
"	New Mackinac	2 00 to 3 00	100
"	Murray	2 00 to 3 00	75
"	Grand Central	2 00	50
"	Lake View	2 00	30
"	Palmer	2 00	50
"	The Chicago	2 00 to 2 50	50
Marquette	New Clifton	2 00 to 3 00	150
"	Marquette	2 00 to 3 00	100
"	Brunswick	2 00	60
"	Summit	1 50 to 2 00	60
Oden-Oden	Atherton Inn	2 00 to 3 00	200
Petoskey	Arlington	2 50 to 3 00	300
"	Cushman	1 00 to 3 00	150
"	Occidenta	1 00	100
"	Clifton	1 50	60
"	Park	1 50	80
"	National	1 00 to 1 50	60
Put-in Bay	Beebe	2 50 to 3 00	200
"	Hunker	2 00	75
"	Park	2 00	50
Sault Ste. Marie	Iroquois	2 50 to 3 00	150
"	Chippewa	2 00 to 2 50	75
"	Exchange	2 00	75
"	New Park Hotel	2 00 to 3 00	200
St. Clair Flats	Star Island	2 00	300
St. Clair Springs	Oakland	2 00	500
St. Ignace	Sherwood	2 00	150
"	Russell	1 50	50
Topinabee	Pike's	2 00	70

If you desire further information in regard to any hotel or boarding-house mentioned in this list, the circular or card of any house, if issued, may be had free by mail by addressing the Recreation Department, The Outlook, 13 Astor Place, New York.

Synopsis of Michigan Game Laws.

Deer may be killed in the Upper Peninsular from Sept. 20th to Nov. 1st; in the Lower Peninsula from Nov. 10th to Dec. 1st. The killing of deer in the red coat, or fawn in the spotted coat, or any deer while in the water, is prohibited; also the use of pits, traps, artificial light, or dogs. Wild Turkey may be shot from Nov. 1st to Dec. 15th; Woodcock, Wild Fowl, from Sept. 1st to Dec. 15th; Snipe, Canvass Back Duck, Wild Geese, Sept. 1st to Dec. 15th; Ruffled Grouse and Quail, Oct. 15th to Dec. 15th. No traps, snares or nets may be used, nor swivel or punt guns. Nesting places must not be molested. It is unlawful to take the above game out of the State.—Speckled Trout and Grayling may be caught with hook and line only from May 1st to Sept. 1st.

The D. & C. makes no charge for dogs, or outfits (except boats) of sportsmen or camping parties. Hunters can purchase round trip tickets by water, good to return until the close of navigation, and the return portion will be redeemed of not used; or tickets can be had one way by water, returning by rail until Dec. 15.

Special Notice.

The management of the D. & C. especially desires that the patrons of these lines receive courteous and intelligent attention at the hands of all employes, and such employes are requested to use every means possible towards the rendition to passengers of such service as shall preserve and increase the reputation of the D. & C. for furnishing the most delightful means of travel to be found in Northern Michigan.

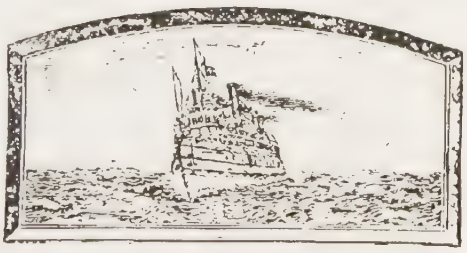
The company will give prompt and proper attention to any complaint received of the violation of either the letter or the spirit of this request; but at the same time the public is also asked to make its wants known to the employe in a clear and explicit manner, and to bear in mind that the demands upon his time are almost invariably pressing, and often of a nature calculated to irritate the most affable.

CONNECTIONS, C. & B. LINE.

CLEVELAND & BUFFALO TRANSIT CO.

DAILY LINE BETWEEN

CLEVELAND AND BUFFALO.



Magnificent side-wheel steamers "State of Ohio," and "State of New York," making direct connections at Buffalo with railroad and steamboat lines for **all points East.** Tourist route to **Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands and all Eastern Summer Resorts,** connecting at Cleveland with all railroads and the Detroit and Cleveland Steam Navigation Company's steamers for Put-in-Bay, Detroit, Mackinac, Petoskey, "Soo," Marquette, Duluth and all points in Michigan.

WEEK END EXCURSIONS TO PUT-IN-BAY.

Leave home Saturday evening, spend a day at Put-in-Bay, and arrive home in time for business Monday morning.

QUICK TIME.

Steamer leaves Cleveland, 6.00 P. M.
Steamer leaves Buffalo, 7.30 P. M.

UNEXCELLED SERVICE.

Arrive Buffalo, 7.30 A. M.
Arrives Cleveland, 7.30 A. M.

For additional information, address.

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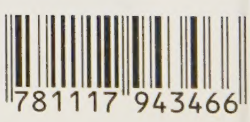

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